THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXII—No. 1463
DECEMBER 30, 1931
Registered at the G.P.O as a Newspaper

PROSPECTS FOR THE NEW YEAR

THE BRANDY WITH A DESERVED REPUTATION.

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Cannes.—Hotel du Pavillon.—Fam. Hotel 120 Rms. Running Water. Private Baths Park, direct access to sea. Pen. fm. Frs. 50

Cannes.—Hotel Suisse.—One minute from Croisette. Central and quiet situation. Moderate terms. A. Keller, Prop.

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On the Front.
A home from home.

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Menton (A.M.)—Two really good hotels. **The Carlton.**—Seaside, most comfortable. **The Gallia.**—In its palm garden.

Menton.—Gd. Hotel du Louvre.—Near Casino. Large garden, Tennis, Garage. Latest comfort. Terms from Frs. 65.

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The leading family hotel of Menton.

Menton.—Hote. Mediterranée. 150 rooms, all comfort. Tennis, garage, terms from 10/-.

Menton.—Hotel de Venise.—World renowned. 200 rooms, 100 baths. In own park. Central. Sunny. Moderate.

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Nice (A.M.).—Pacific Hotel.—12, Rue Rivoli. New family Hotel. Every comfort. Central. Terms from Frs. 60 incl.

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MONACO (Principality).

Monte Carlo.—Hotels Bristol & Majestic.—Facing sea, near Casino, 200 rooms. Special low Winter Terms. Pension from Frs. 50.

Monte Carlo.—Etrangers.—1st cl. H. & C. rng. water. Long or short stay. Full pension from Frs. 55. English clientele.

Monte Carlo.—Gd. Hotel Terminus.—Opp. Casino, Gdns. & Beach, 1st cl., Pens. fr. Frs. 60, with bath Frs. 75, with suite Frs. 100.

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Wiesbaden.—GERMANY.

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ITALY.

Sunny San Remo.—Hotel Royal.—200 rooms. 120 baths. Luxury and comfort at moderate prices.

SWITZERLAND.

Berne.—Bellevue Palace and Bernherof.—The only first-class Hotel overlooking river and Bernese Alps. Manager, F. Eggiman.

Chesieres-Villars.—Le Chamossaire. Fam. hotel. Bright and comfortable. Free service of Sleighs to Villars. 10 minutes.

Chesieres-Villars. — Hotel Belvedere. — Every rm. a sunny rm., with bal., run'g h. & c. water. Ex. cooking. Fm. 12 sh. Incl.

Crans S/Sierre.—Hotel Continental Majestic.—Right up to date. All winter sports. From 10/- inclusive.

Crans S/Sierre.—4,500 ft. Simplon Line. **Golf et Sports Hotel.** 100 rooms, 50 with bath. From 16 frs. incl. All winter sports.

Crans S/Sierre.—Rhodania Hotel. The latest and most up-to-date in Crans. Moderate prices.

Geneva.—The Beau-Rivage. Leading Hotel for English and American Clientele. Facing the Lake and Mont Blanc.

Geneva.—Hotel de la Paix.—Facing Lake and Mont Blanc. Up to date. Select and quiet. Inclusive from Frs. 18.

Lausanne.—The Belvedere Hotel.—1st cl. fam. hotel. Hot and cold running water. Priv. bathroom. Incl. terms, Fr. 13 to 18.

Lausanne.—Grand Hotel de la Paix. Beautifully situated, splendid view on lake and Alps. Restaurant Grill. Echenard, Mgr.

Morgins.—Hotel Victoria.—New propr. 1st cl. fam. hotel in right spot for winter sports. Cent. heat. Fr. 10s. incl.

SPORTING PRINTS

The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

PRICES FROM ONE GUINEA.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

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The Bystander, December 30, 1931

No. 1463. Vol. CXII.

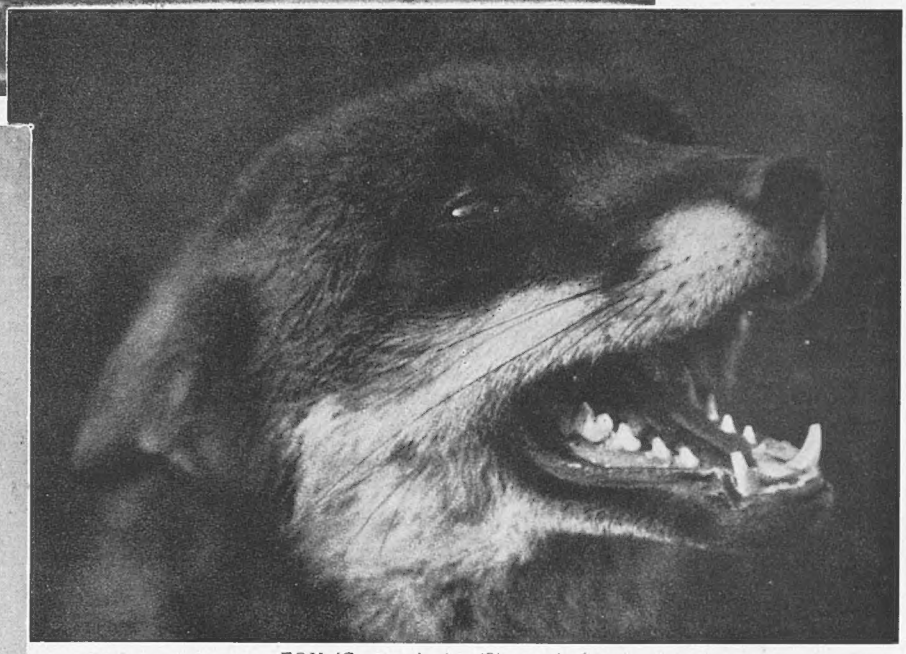
the BYSTANDER

MISS VIVIAN ST. GEORGE

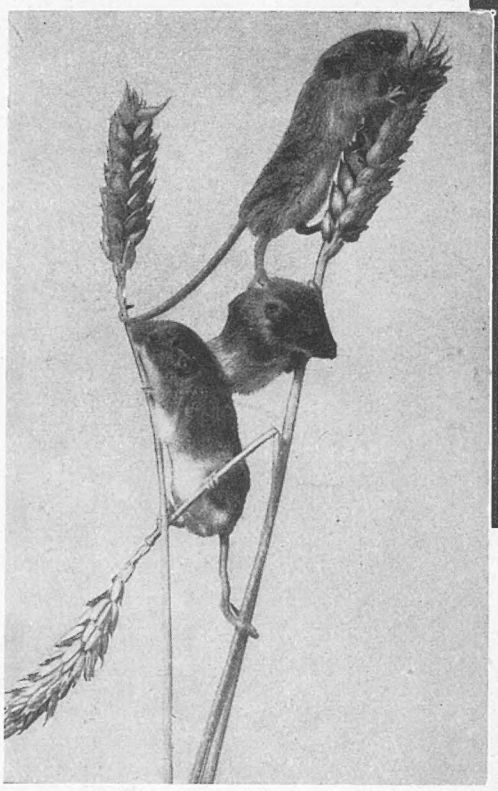
Whose engagement was recently announced to Mr. Alexander Frank Stanley Clarke, 14th/20th Hussars, the son of the late Lieut.-Col. A. E. Stanley Clarke, D.S.O., M.V.O., Scots Guards, and of Mrs. Stanley Clarke, of Brookside House, Avening, Gloucester. Miss St. George is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard St. George, of Coombe House, Kingston Hill

NATURE STUDY AS A BEST SELLER

Left: BADGER (Meles taxus). A flashlight study of adult boar and sow



FOX (Canis vulpes). The head of a dog fox

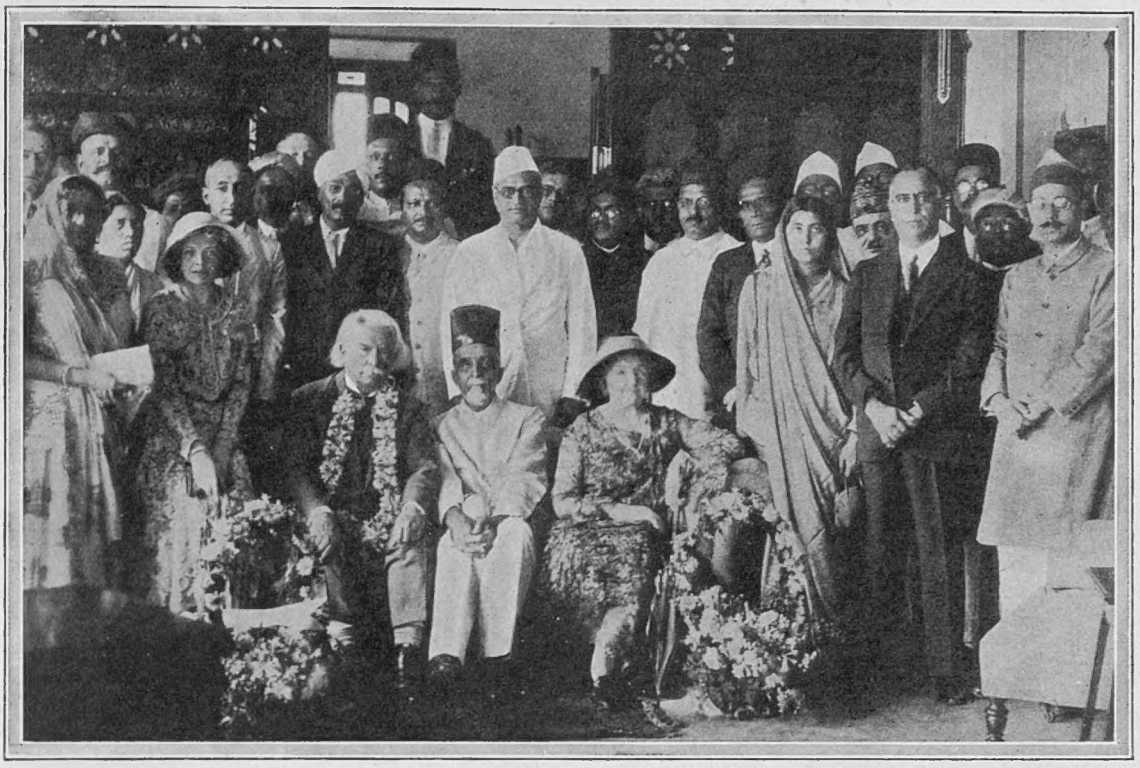


HARVEST MICE (Micromys minutus)

MOLE (Talpa europæa)

SURPRISING though it may seem, the best-seller among the Christmas books is one dealing with animal life in England. "Nature By Night," written by the well-known naturalist, Mr. Arthur R. Thompson, F.L.S., and published by Ivor Nicholson and Watson, Ltd., at 12s. 6d., has been selling at a rapid and steady rate, which proves conclusively that, when entertainingly handled, there is still a keen demand for such books. On this page are reproduced four of the many excellent photographs with which the pages of this novel "best-seller" are embellished

the passing hour



Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd George, complete with floral tributes, photographed with the Parsee Mayor of Bombay in a group which includes Miss Megan Lloyd George. Mr. Lloyd George is hurrying home to see what he can do, it is rumoured, to start a new party

A HAPPY New Year to you, with or without income-tax! And, what is more, it ought to be a happy year. The Government and the Bank of England have had the sense to refuse to stabilise the pound, thus keeping the best possible card still up their sleeves. We are saving hundreds of thousands of pounds each week by tightening up the dole. Our exports are increasing fast, and we are all Buying British.

THE past year has been one of the most eventful in our history. We have returned the biggest Conservative majority in history. We have seen the conviction of Lord Kylsant. We have seen Charlie Chaplin ordered to take a back seat by a County court judge. We have seen a flock of new restaurants and an enormous improvement in English films.

THE English Amateur Golf Championship was won by a handicap 3 man. The Springboks have carried all before them—except the West of Scotland. Lady May Cambridge married a commoner. Great Britain came off the gold standard. Mr. Snowden became a peer. The most successful novel was written by a German. The most successful spectacular play was produced by a German, and a German won the heavyweight boxing championship of the world.

IT is hard to realise that Prince George is now twenty-nine years old. And yet he had his birthday last week and spent it with the Prince of Wales at Sunningdale. The best-looking of the three brothers does not show any more signs of getting married than do the other two. His chief interest in life is in motor cars, and any new gadget which he discovers and approves is at

Many attractive new features will be found in our
NEW YEAR'S NUMBER,
on Sale next Wednesday. Order your
BYSTANDER
now and save disappointment.

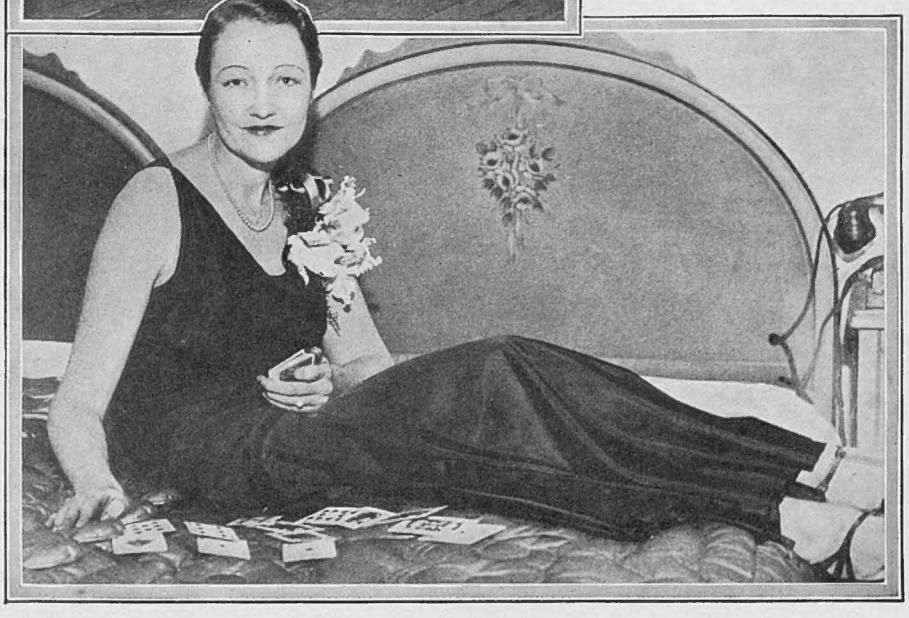
The first picture of the coronation of the Scottish Sultana of Johore at Istana Besar, Johore Bahru, showing the Sultan and Sultana on their thrones. Before her marriage the Sultana was Mrs. Helen Wilson

THE BRITISH EMPIRE UNION MATINEE

BUY BRITISH!

Right: The chorus of the musical show, "Seeing Stars," presented at the Duchess Theatre recently at the British Empire Union matinee. Lord Danesfort is the Chairman of this Union, which works hard for British labour and industries, and has done good work to counteract the influence of those revolutionaries whose aim it is to disturb peace in industry Below are Miss Guelda Waller and Miss Vera Maconochie, who also took part in the matinee

Sasha



once tried out by the others.

S

THE appointment of Mr. John Hanbury-Williams as Gentleman Usher to the King will delight his father, the Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps. One of Sir John Hanbury-Williams's insignia, which he wears on State occasions, is the most interesting imaginable. You can actually tell whether England is at war by looking at which side up it is. On one side is a dove and olive branch, which means that we are at peace. On the other side is a lion, which shows the opposite.

S

THESE are busy times in Lord Cromer's office. Débutantes and

Below: Mrs. Culbertson, heroine of the great Marathon Bridge Contest in New York, which was bereft of her presence during Christmas time in order that she might discard Kings and Queens for the nonce and enjoy domestic felicity with her children. It will be observed that even in repose she cannot refrain from dealing herself a fistful of aces

Sasha

Lafayette

LADY DIANA WELLESLEY

Who will be one of the bridesmaids at the wedding of the Earl of Jersey and Miss Pat Richards at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on January 12 The half-sister of Earl Cowley, she is the daughter of Clare Countess Cowley

MONTE CARLO'S NEW CLUB

others who wish to be presented at one of the Courts next season have to have their names sent in, together with those of the people who are presenting them, by January 1. Numbers of names come in at the last moment from women who only just recall in time that the days of grace are rapidly expiring.

S

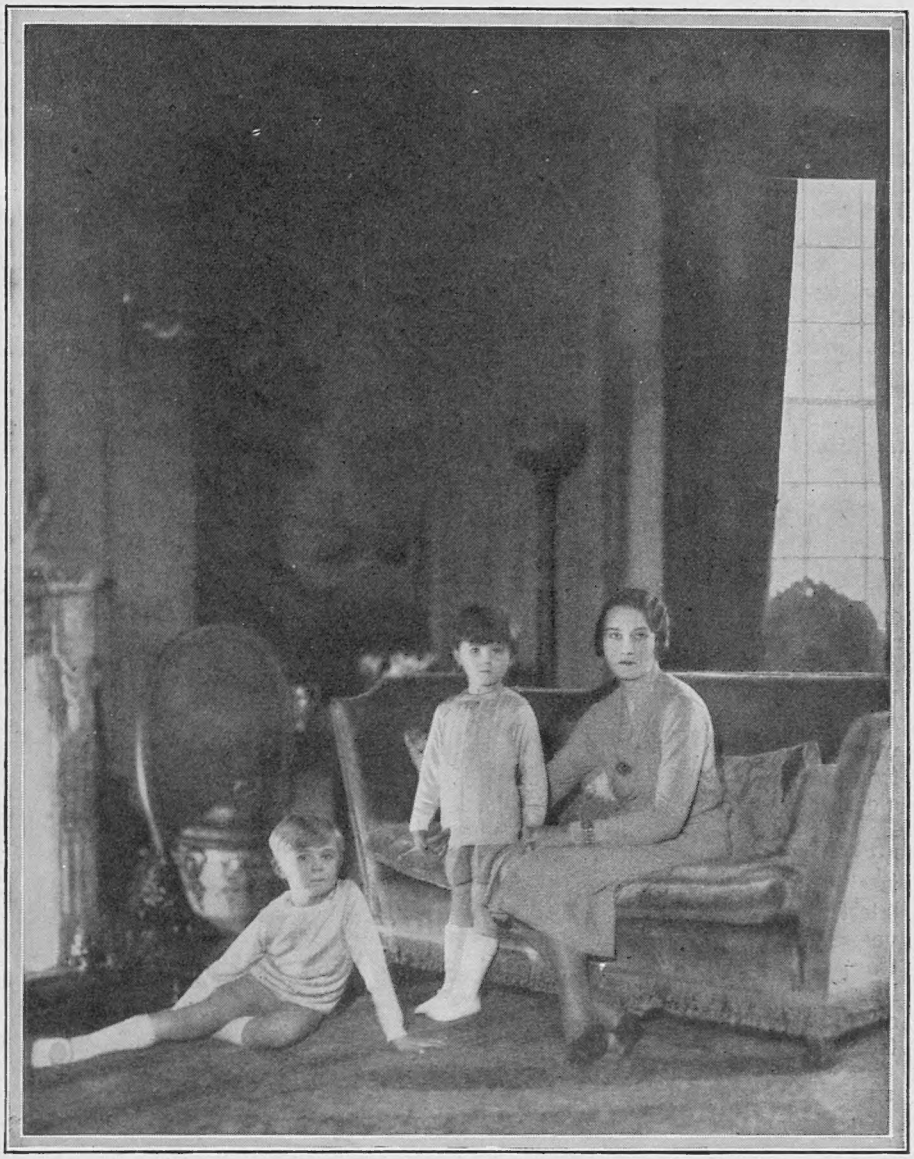
QUITE a number of people have been spending their Christmas abroad. The Duke of Sutherland and Lady Millicent Hawes have chosen to go to Madeira. Lord D'Abernon has gone to Paris, and from there to Rome. The Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, on the other hand, have gone to Ireland, while Lady Evelyn Cobbold has gone to Scotland, and Lord Zetland has gone to Yorkshire. Lord and Lady Carisbrooke and Lord and Lady Headfort are among the many people staying in London. Charlie Chaplin, in the meantime, has gone to Switzerland, and is falling about all over St. Moritz on his skis.

S

MONTE CARLO'S new sporting club, which covers an area of more than 20,000 square feet, will be opened in the next few weeks. Forty million francs has been spent on it. It will contain a grill room, three gaming rooms, a restaurant with a stage, squash racket courts, a gymnasium, and a theatre. Monte Carlo was full of excitement the other day when the Empress of Britain called in on her way round the world. A hundred extra passengers joined her at Monaco, thus bringing the total up to five hundred. Many of them are American, but they are all to be envied for the next three months.

S

THE chief theatrical event in London has undoubtedly been the opening of *Bow Bells* at the Hippodrome, and many a smart young man has sat entranced at the clothes of André Randall, the Folies Bergère star, who is playing the lead in John Murray Anderson's production. An immense amount of trouble has been taken about them, and Jack Buchanan will certainly have to look to his creases if he is going to keep his reputation as the best-dressed actor.



Lenare

COUNTESS DE PRET-ROOSE

With her two little sons, John and Michael. The photograph was taken at their beautiful home, Gaddesby Hall, where they spent Christmas

Bassano

MISS JOCELYN WINGFIELD

Another bridesmaid at the wedding next month of Miss Pat Richards and the Earl of Jersey. She is the only daughter of the Hon. Maurice and Mrs. Wingfield and a niece of Viscount Powerscourt

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney."

JERICHO at Lingfield Park was never in danger of defeat. There was money for other horses in the field, but the winner was a firm favourite. Invest again with confidence.

REMUS is one to watch for a three miles 'chase. Was quickly supported at Lingfield, when fog prevented a view of the full course, but Remus finished gamely to occupy third position.

GOGGLE GOOSE proved an expensive proposition for supporters at Sandown Park. Started a hot favourite for a three miles 'chase but suffered defeat. Tired and bungled several obstacles. Confident will prove a Golden Goose!

BYRON carried good money in a two miles hurdle at Nottingham. When entering the straight was going great, but was unlucky to receive a bump and dropped back. Losses should be recovered.

SWAN'S NEST found the early pace too fast at Windsor, but she should earn winning brackets in the near future. Follow up.

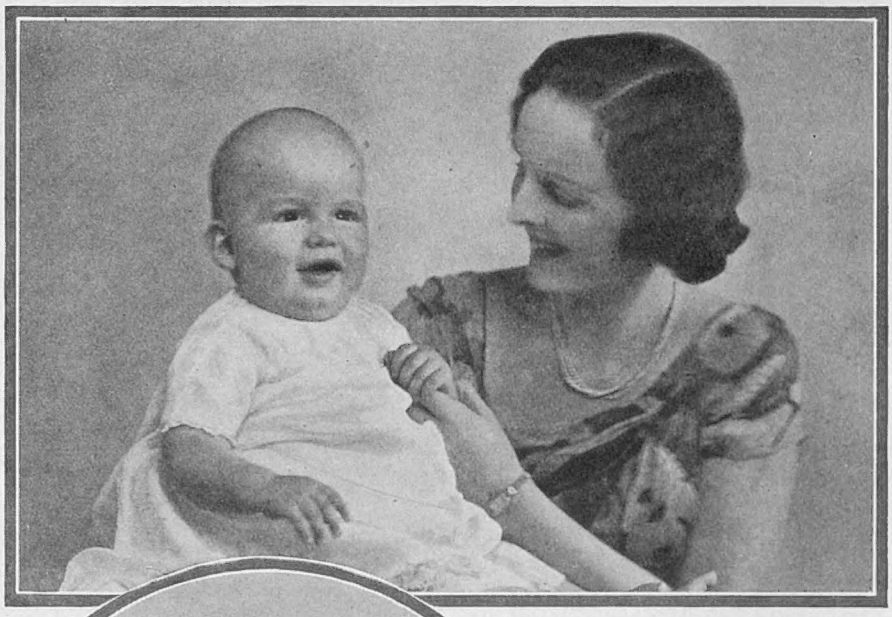
ONWARD was going strongly in a two miles 'chase at Leicester when brought down by another horse. Was heavily backed. Note for early engagements.

THE DEPRESSION IN AMERICA

A SMOKE-GREY tail coat with a shawl collar—in other words, lapels, which are rounded instead of pointed—is Randall's chief bid for setting men's fashions for 1932. Incidentally, the silk goes right round the collar. Lord Londonderry, the Duke of Westminster, and Lord Adare favour this fashion with their dinner jackets. But, as I say, Randall is doing it with his tail coat, thus going straight back to the fashions of the Victorians.

ANOTHER item of his wardrobe is a double-breasted dinner jacket with four buttons, two of which are on the waist-line. Speaking generally, it is a relief to see that the chorus men have not been given the baggy trousers or accentuated lapels which one associates with tailoring on the stage. And I must confess I rather liked the grey leather shoes.

LADY DIANA COOPER, Lady Maidstone, and other well-knowns who have just returned to England from America are all full of the gloom and depression in New York. President Hoover is cordially hated by everybody. In Hollywood there is still some gaiety, however. The latest successor to midget golf is the vogue for streams into which live trout are put. You hire a rod and line for twenty-five cents, and pay another twenty-five cents for each trout you catch. It is a craze that may possibly come to England.

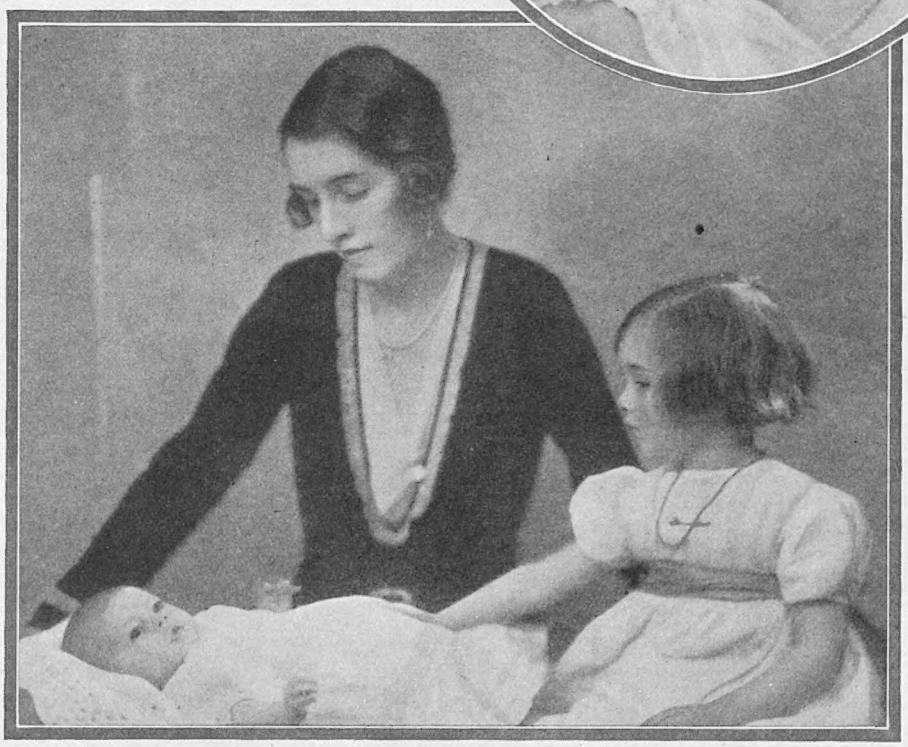


Hay Wrightson

Above: Lady Higham, the wife of Sir Charles Higham, with her infant son, Charles Higham, Jr., who evidently takes kindly to the photographer. Her husband is the well-known publicist

Lenare

Left: Mrs. Rex Hartley, the wife of the famous golfer, photographed with her infant daughter, Jane



Lenare

The Hon. Mrs. Fitzherbert Wright with her two daughters, Brigid (right) and Davina Julia. The wife of Mr. Fitzherbert Wright, of Erwarton Rectory, near Ipswich, she is the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Powerscourt

THE best story that is now being told in New York concerns a woman who went into the Ellin Prince Speyer Hospital for animals with the intention of adopting a stray dog. She was knee-deep in questions almost instantly. She gave her name, address, telephone number, and so on, suggested character references—and still the investigator hadn't done. "Have you any children?" she asked. The lady said no, she hadn't.

THE investigator brightened instantly. "Oh, that *is* good!" she exclaimed. "We always hate to place dogs in homes where children already have the affection of the people of the house. It's so much better if the dog can win its way into their hearts first. Then, if children come later, it still has a feeling of security."

MR. AUGUSTINE COURTAULD, whose rescue from the Arctic wastes caused such a furore a few months ago, chose Southwark Cathedral for his wedding to Miss Mollie

(Continued on page 632)

WITH APOLOGIES TO ALL CONCERNED

OUR old friend Mr. "Punch" suggested lately that social photographs might be made more entertaining if treated in a manner which he depicted in a drawing. Here is THE BYSTANDER'S effort to follow the suggestion in more realistic form. In doing so, we apologise to the victims and suggest that all complaints should be addressed to Mr. "Punch"

Miss Patricia Richards, the pretty young Australian, and the Earl of Jersey. Their wedding will take place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, in the middle of next month

Miss Joan Barry, the attractive young actress, who has proved as popular on the screen as she is on the stage. The "mere male" is Mr. Harold Huth, who has played opposite her on the films

The Hon. Mrs. Edward Greenall and her husband, the Hon. Edward Greenall, who are both very well known in the hunting field. The latter, whose residence is at Waltham House, Melton Mowbray, is the only son of Lord Daresbury, a former Master of the Belvoir Hounds

Miss Joyce Wethered, the greatest woman golfer of her day and four times winner of the Women's Open Championship, who has now retired from competition play. Her fiancé, Major C. K. Hutchinson, also seen above, is the Scottish golf international

PREPARING FOR THE CHELSEA ARTS BALL

(Continued from page 630)

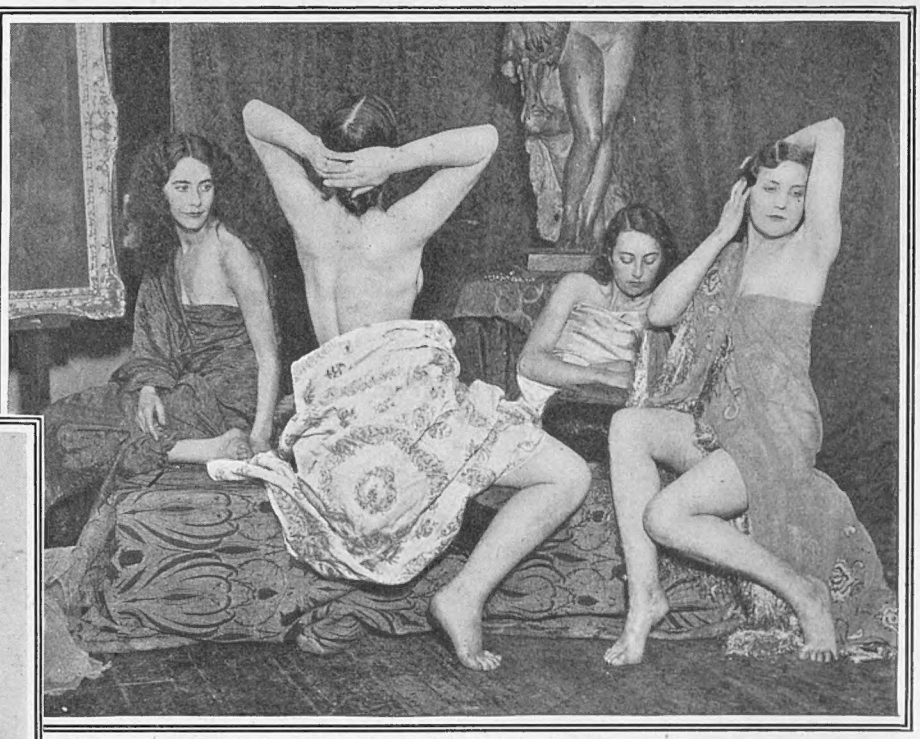
Montgomerie. The Dean of Southwark is to marry them. There will be a retinue of nine attendants. Mr. Courtauld is an Old Carthusian, whose rescue turned him temporarily into a world-figure.

THE chief wedding of the past few days was that of Lady Veronica Blackwood, who astonished her friends by walking down Bond Street with her husband, Mr. Antony Hornby, only two or three days after the marriage. This highly original action caused much more embarrassment to those friends who recognised her than it did to herself.

E.N.A.

The Duchess of Fernan-Nunez, whose marriage in Paris a little while ago was one of the events of the season. She is an Argentine, and her mother, Senora de Anchorena, who is reputed to be the richest widow in the world, gave her as a wedding present a necklace said to be worth nearly a quarter of a million pounds

FRANCE is becoming more and more agitated about the "Buy British" campaign in England. A friend of mine who is a wine merchant received a letter asking him to go to a Champagne Conference at Rheims next week. He wrote back to say that he was unable to go. At once he received a telegram, sending him the compliments of the President and informing him that suites had been arranged for him in Paris and Rheims, and that all expenses, including the Golden Arrow fare, were being paid.



Some of the artists' models who will be taking part in the Chelsea Arts Ball on New Year's Eve. They are seen in a group representing the world-famous picture by Albert Moore, "A Summer's Day"

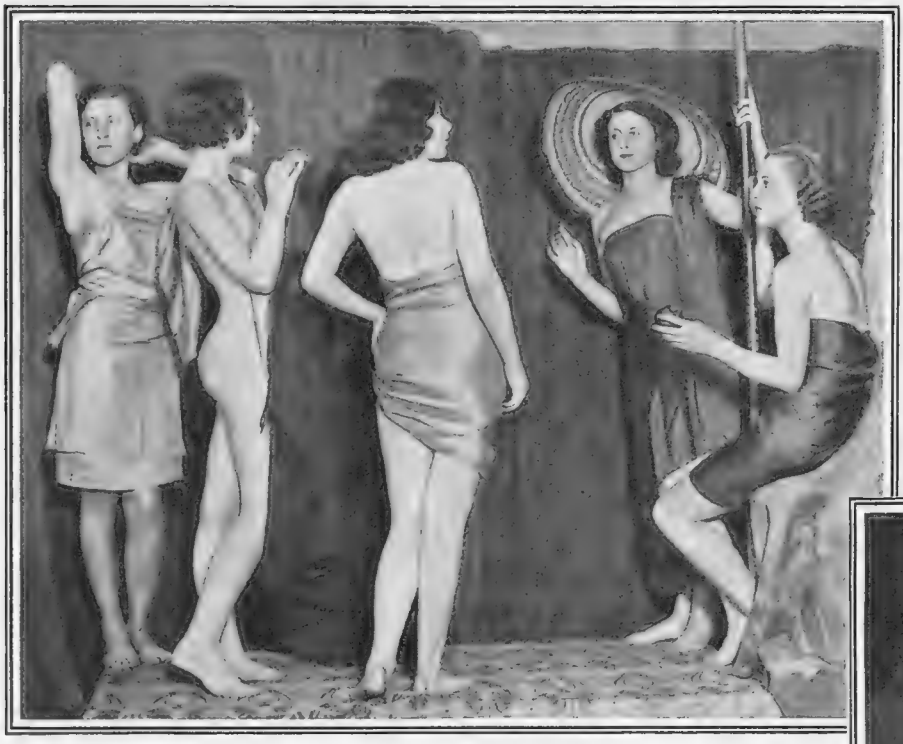
AT the Kit-Cat the champagne prices have been lowered more drastically than anywhere else. You can buy all kinds of vintage champagnes for a pound or a guinea. The truth of the matter is that restaurants have paid their rent for years on the profits of "bubbly." Now they will have to find some other way of doing it. There is a slump in champagne in Paris, too. I hear that you can buy good stuff for nine francs a bottle now.

PARIS is also panicky over the Spring fashions which will be shown in January at the big dress collections. How many English buyers are going over there to stock their shops with Paris frocks? And how many ordinary people

Sasha

Miss Leonora Brooke, a daughter of the Rajah and Ranee of Sarawak. A godchild of Sir James Barrie, she has already published a book of poems called "Wild Orchids" and has just completed a novel

BERTRAM MILLS'S OLYMPIA CIRCUS



A famous classical scene as interpreted by models who will attend the Chelsea Arts Ball at the Albert Hall on New Year's Eve. The picture in question is "The Judgment of Paris"

are going over to buy their new clothes there? That is what Vionnet, Chanel, Lelong, and the others want to know. Meantime, Bruton Street and Bond Street are smiling broadly. Their time has come at last.

IT has been left to Mr. Bertram Mills to raise the circus from a form of entertainment which appeals almost entirely to provincial patrons to a status which establishes it as a social event comparable to the first night of a pre-War Drury Lane pantomime. In recent years Drury Lane has lost most, if not all, of its pristine pantomimic glory, but the circus and Fun Fair at Olympia has proved a very effective substitute, and, as far as Christmas entertainment is concerned, the mantles of Arthur Collins and "Druriolanus" have fallen on the shoulders of Bertram Mills and his sons.

THAT he has introduced the Circus habit with good effect was apparent at the luncheon given by Mr. Mills at Olympia last week, when about a thousand guests were present to celebrate the opening of his twelfth annual circus. That cheerful sportsman, Lord Lonsdale, presided over the gathering, which included the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress and celebrities of all sorts, including many politicians.

TO judge by the speeches at the luncheon, which was notable for the really wonderful organisation in force, London has taken the annual circus at Olympia very much to its heart, and there can be no doubt that the vast number of children who visit it every year, either with parents and guardians or as the guests of a certain philanthropist, who must be nameless, enjoy it from start to finish.

Umberto Possenti, the enterprising manager of Ciro's. On Christmas night he ran a most enjoyable cotillon with attractive favours

How Jake Erleigh, the 8ft. 6in. giant, gets his cigar lighted He is appearing at Olympia, where the annual Circus and Fun Fair are once again in residence

Yevonde

LADY MELCHETT

The Chairman of the Empire Development Ball, to be held at Grosvenor House on Thursday, January 14. It has been organised by Miss Edith Dawkins, the only daughter of Lady Bertha Dawkins, a Woman of the Bedchamber to the Queen

GROSVENOR—MAYFAIR

MAYFAIR double-owe-two-three. Hello . . . hello, Baa . . . this is to say good-bye. I'm off for the New Year . . . with . . . well with him . . . goodness knows when I shall be back or when you and I will have another chat . . . it is sad to say good-bye, Baa dear. . . . However, here's wishing you all you wish yourself in the New Year . . . this is the one time when our thoughts run to character, so to speak . . . good resolutions and how not to keep them. . . .

S

I THINK for 1931 I shall award a prize for Sweetness to the following . . . Lady Bridget Poulett . . . Mrs. de Winton Wills . . . Lady Lindsay-Hogg, who we know better as Frances Doble . . . Mrs. Richard Norton . . . so beautiful and so kind . . . and Lady Carisbrooke. . . .

S

THE Cleverness and Hard Work prize . . . goes to Lady Queensberry and Mrs. John Russell . . . Best Hostess to Madame de Pena and Mrs. Cunningham-Reid. . . .

S

HOW hard some of our gay young marrieds work . . . Lady Dunn is just starting a "Sameday" Cleaning shop . . . with her friend, Mrs. Alexander McCorquodale. . . . Think of the joy of having your dress back in a few hours . . . especially if it's your one and only! . . . Barbara McCorquodale has just completed a play in collaboration with her brother, Mr. Ronald Cartland, and is starting on her sixth novel. . . .

Elwin Neame

MISS PAMELA LEVESON

Whose engagement to Mr. Walter Weinberger was recently announced. She is the younger daughter of the late Admiral Sir Arthur Leveson, G.C.B., and of Lady Leveson

THE New Year is going to see a lot of residential changes, Baa! . . . Princess Mary sets the lead by moving into a smaller house . . . Green Street has already a lot of well-knowns dwelling in it . . . the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland . . . Lord Ednam, who has recently bought No. 38 . . . Mr. and Mrs. Norman Holden are on the opposite side . . . Marion Holden is the mother of Wanda Baillie-Hamilton . . . and Marjorie Lady Nunburnholme.

S

HAVE you heard about the Christmas present which went astray . . . and how two lovely brown eyes wept at the Ritz . . . and refused to believe it had been sent. . . . Yes, we all know her, Baa. . . .

Our famous English twins . . . the Ruthvens . . . have been severely rivalled this year by an American pair. . . . I am referring, of course, to Lady Furness and Mrs. Vanderbilt . . . likewise, the Beaton sisters . . . have . . . in the last few months been rivalled by two equally lovely and charming sisters . . . Hilary and Pat Charles . . . and I suppose there will be new beauties in the New Year . . . perhaps even Margaret Whigham will have to look to her laurels. . . .

S

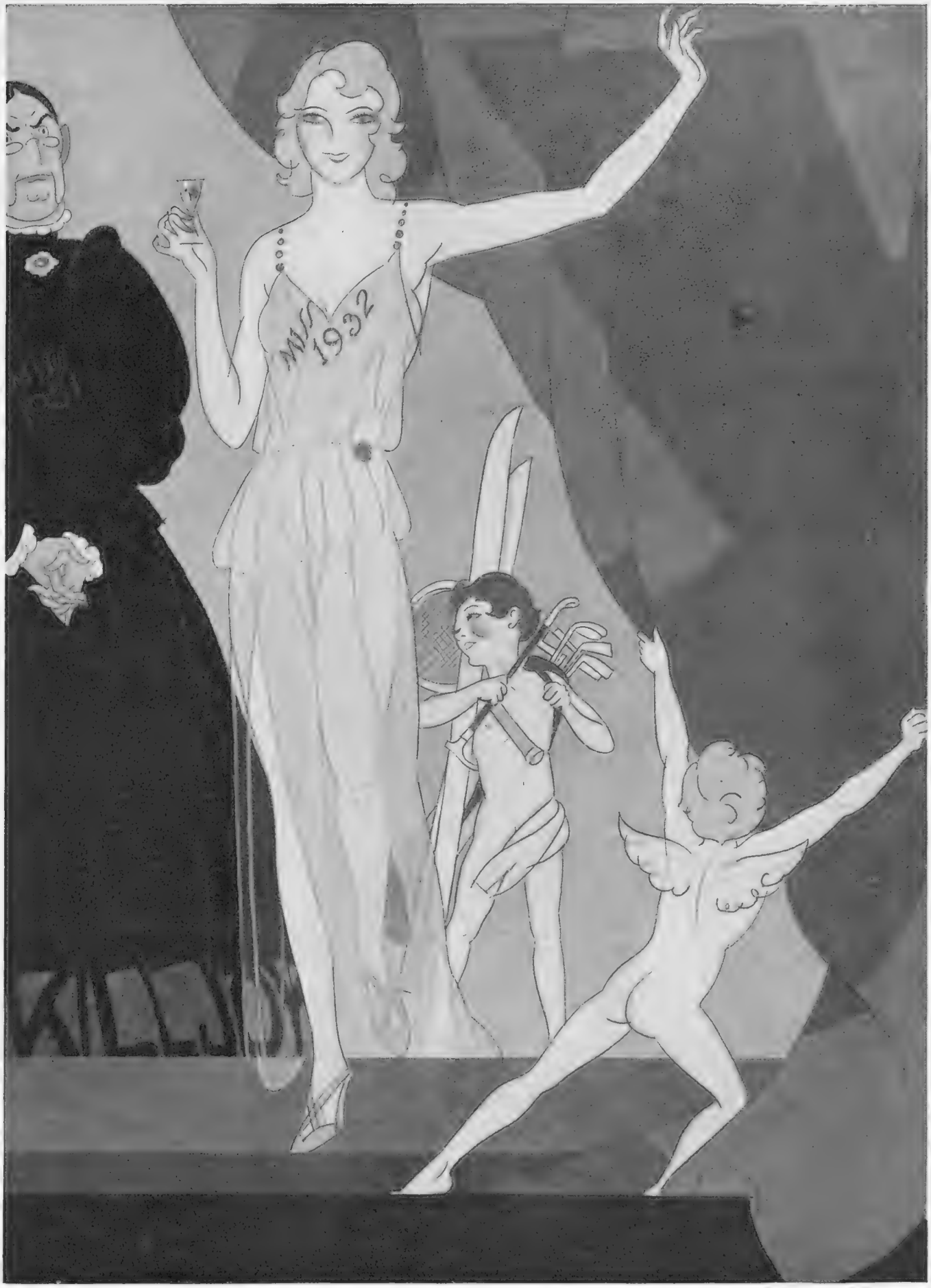
A WELL-KNOWN and much-admired actress-film star startled a famous grill room last week in a short fur-trimmed coat and tricorne hat worn with black lace semi-transparent pyjamas . . . and an equally well-known Society beauty has sworn she will appear in her best nightgown and summer ermine jacket. . . .

S

HAVE you heard about an ankle . . . and more . . . competition at a Christmas house-party . . . and how a certain blonde lady of title . . . sulked for two days . . . and nights, because she wasn't given the prize. . . . Someone started a discussion at the Embassy one night as to the best-looking husband and wife among those who frequent the club. . . . After much argument they decided on Pops d'Erlanger and his wife, Edyth . . and Mr. and Mrs. Pat Anderson . . . a diverse choice . . . as Pops d'Erlanger is thin, clean shaven, and dark . . . and Edyth is a platinum blonde and tiny . . . while Pat Anderson is very tall and big . . . with a very large dark moustache. . . .

S

GLADYS ANDERSON is also tall . . . a brunette with lovely eyes . . . and "Who are the best dancers?" someone asked . . . which started the storm of controversy again. . . . Lady Plunket . . . Lady Portarlington . . . Mrs. Pearce . . . their names were shouted, but I would not compete any more. . . . Zena Dare is so sweet as Mrs. Darling she brought a lump to my throat . . . and Mary Casson is the Wendy of my dreams. . . . Our young actresses are improving . . . they are really ambitious and love their work. . . . Good luck to you, Baa, dear. . . . Good-bye, and bless you. . . .



BY F. S. MAY

THE DIRGE OF DORA:

"Here comes another shameless hussy!"

AT THE PLAY

SATIRE AT THE EXPENSE OF

On the right Lord Granton (Herbert Lomas) mixing up political business with tape prices on the Oil Market. Sitting on the sofa is Lady Duncaster (Jane Millican), wife of the Secretary of State for the Middle East, while Philpotts (O. B. Clarence), the old family butler, is in the background

SKETCHES OF "THE NELSON TOUCH," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS

"The Nelson Touch," at the St. Martin's Theatre

MR. NEIL GRANT is a dramatist who evidently takes a keen delight in pulling the leg of politicians. He did it in *Petticoat Influence*, and he has repeated the dose, without repeating himself, in *The Nelson Touch*, his new comedy at the St. Martin's Theatre.

BUT, while pulling politicians' legs, he also draws a moral, which is that a man who wants to conduct negotiations with foreign tribes will stand a far greater chance of success if he is acquainted with the character and mentality of those with whom he wishes to drive a hard bargain.

THE shadow of a nasty war is hanging over England when the play starts, and this shadow casts a gloom, in particular, upon Lord Duncaster, Secretary of State for the Middle East. The Cabinet don't want a war, but the Arab tribes, who have mobilised their army, will give an ellova lot of trouble unless they get their way. There is also discord in the Cabinet, one party being all out for an attempted postponement in grasping the nettle in the hope that they will then be out of office, while another wishes to stand firm. On only one thing are they unanimous, and that is how much stronger the Government would be if only Lord Duncaster would resign!

THREE Arab Chiefs have arrived in London to conduct negotiations, and, as luck will have it, Richard Fayre, Lord Duncaster's brother—a rolling stone who has never even gathered dross—has just previously come from Arabia with a knowledge of personalities and politics there which is extensive and peculiar, and, much to his brother's indignation, Richard becomes an unwelcome guest in Lord Duncaster's house.

NOW, on the evening of the Arabs' arrival His Lordship is dining with the Worshipful Company of Plumbers, doubtless to make an impassioned speech upon drains; and, in his absence, Richard, realising that his brother will make a horrible botch of the whole business, takes his brother's place, alters the whole programme, and gets the Arabs to see him at Lord Duncaster's house that same evening.

THANKS to his extensive and peculiar knowledge previously mentioned, Richard is able to put the screw on the Arabs very effectually. By the time he has finished the dissensions in the Cabinet are as naught compared with the bickerings and distrust generated between the Arab deputation and a glorious bluff about a new poison gas—Arabia may have the best generals, but England has the best chemists—does the trick. The Arab army is demobilised. Payment for Arab outrages is agreed to. Arab murderers are to be tried by a neutral court, and all in England is rosy rapture and peace with honour, except

Here, also on the right, is Lord Duncaster (Felix Aylmer), Secretary of State for the Middle East, learning a few home truths from Janetta Norton (Leonora Corbett), his sister-in-law, who regards that particular politician with undisguised contempt

POLITICIANS — By Vernon Woodhouse

Once more on the right is Richard Fayre (Francis Lister) who impersonates his brother, Lord Duncaster, and causes the sheiks to shake in their shoes because they threaten our Government with dire consequences. This Sheik Deputation, reading from left to right, are Basil Cunard, Henry Cass and Malcolm Keen

for financial oil interests, for which Richard cares not a brace of hoots.

And what reward does Richard get? Well, he is satisfied with the hand of Lord Duncaster's sister-in-law, whom he has rescued in the desert. He does not even ask for the O.B.E. (third class, boys!), but lets his fool of a brother bask in the praise of the populace, the secret of the whole business being known to about only four people, one of whom is a wily Prime Minister who thinks it advisable to keep a mouth tightly shut and a telescope to the blind eye—the Nelson Touch.

This witty satire is entertaining from beginning to end. The improbabilities are neatly camouflaged, while the characters are clear-cut and well contrasted. For instance, Felix Aylmer, as the futile Lord Duncaster—a part out of which he gets every atom of humour—is a delightful foil to the dare-devil brother, played by Francis Lister with a verve and variety of incalculable benefit to the play. In his scene with the Arab deputation, the principal of which is made much of by Malcolm Keen, he acts with a touch of authority and power which makes a gigantic bluff appear absolutely feasible.

There are also some good minor characters. Campbell Gullan makes the Prime Minister full of guile; O. B. Clarence, as a butler, is a lovable old party; and Herbert Lomas gives an effective picture of oil finance. The two women are not given much opportunity by the author, but Jane Millican and Leonora Corbett give touches of character to Lady Duncaster and her sister.

"Can the Leopard . . .?" at the Haymarket Theatre

This comedy by Ronald Jeans concerns an untidy wife made to reform by a tidy husband, and making him miserable in consequence. Whereupon, by desire, she becomes untidy again. Starting off in bright fashion before the pair are married, the play becomes less bright and less believable the longer it lasts.

"Can the Leopard . . .?" looks as if it were written for the purpose of allowing a leading lady to show her paces, and Gertrude Lawrence does so with spirit, but certain mannerisms constantly repeated detract from an otherwise clever performance. But no artists can be expected to be at their best when attempting to put life into such a mechanical rabbit as this. Ian Hunter and Kathleen Harrison, representing stolidity and servantdom, are excellent, but Kay Hammond, as a modern girl, merely repeats a performance by Kay Hammond, of which I am getting more than a little tired.

V. W.

The Prime Minister (Campbell Gullan), name unspecified, who found time not only to control the destinies of the Empire, but to produce "The Nelson Touch"!

SISTERS WHO SHINE ON THE CONTINENTAL STAGE

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photographs* *By E.N.A.*

Sister acts have always been very popular on the stage on the Continent, and above are seen three couples who enjoy a popularity which many performers might well envy. The top left-hand photograph shows the Aimee Sisters, whilst in that above are seen the Epp Sisters in one of their dances. On the left, below, are the Karolevna Sisters in one of their Spanish numbers

BY MACMICHAEL

THE NIGHT COMMISSIONAIRE TAKES OVER

"Undergraduettes" in a quiet corner of the library at Lady Margaret Hall, the senior college of women's universities at Oxford

Lectures at Lady Margaret Hall are quite informal affairs and are appreciated by the students, who seldom cut them

LIFE AMONG WOMEN UNDE
AT LADY MARGA

if Gossip we must

E.N.A.

Fräulein Ilse Corseck, whose songs at a gala performance given to entertain the British Fleet during its visit to Kiel were so appreciated that she has been engaged to play an important part in a film being produced at Elstree

IF any meaning attaches to the law of averages 1932 should be a good year, if only because 1931 has been such a poor one. Financial troubles, bother with India, more financial troubles, more bother with India, a Round Table Conference which kept on going round and round and doing nothing, undiscovered murders, police having to waste their time making us uncomfortable instead of protecting us, a wet summer, increased unemployment. . . . No, do not let us dwell on the dreary past, but look forward to a future which could hardly be more dreary and may go one better and turn out to be quite bright.

PERHAPS it will be thought that I have overlooked one happy spot towards the close of the dead year—the overwhelming triumph of the National Government in the General Election. It certainly was a famous victory.

THE bosom of the nation was cleared (indeed, it cleared itself) of much perilous stuff. Some people who had attained political eminence and had never been worthy of it have gone. Great has been the fall of a row of Socialist Lucifers, never to rise again. Some were well-meaning, but dangerous; some were dangerous and ill-meaning, too; others were, like Barrie's fairies in *Peter Pan,* just amiable nincompoops, "who didn't quite know what they were." They have vanished into the obscurity from which it is so astounding that they should ever have emerged. Some few of them occasionally chirp in the sadly perplexed *Daily Herald* about Labour "marching on to power again." No one could grudge them such consolation in their retirement. That busy journalist, Miss Ellen Wilkinson, no longer an M.P., was the other day applauding the

"Tell me,
"Oh dear, no

Letters from home—and elsewhere. The morning mail being seized upon at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford

The Junior Common Room at Lady Margaret Hall, where recreation can be obtained after hours of more or less intensive study

GRADUATES: WORK AND PLAY
ET HALL, OXFORD

"heroism" of her fellow ex-M.P.s in going back to their humble civilian jobs. I have never known a clearer case of making a virtue out of a necessity. The men in question, whom the country showed by its votes it wanted no longer at Westminster, are working because they something-or-other well have to work in order to buy what the old-time pro. used to call "the roast and boiled." Which is precisely the reason why I work and why you, friend the reader or enemy the reader, also work, unless you are in that exceptional position in these days of being beyond that sordid obligation.

SOCIALISM has not only been set back a decade or more. It has shown unmistakably that Mr. Winston Churchill was right when he said, years ago, that Labour was unfit to govern. But, then, Winston always has been right about everything—except the way to negotiate with safety the New York traffic. Let us here sympathise with him most sincerely over that unfortunate accident, from the effects of which he

Judy having that boy for keeps?"
just for the present. Her birthday's on Wednesday"

BY HAROLD BEARDS

Janet Jevons

Grizelda Hervey, who is playing in the revival of Monckton Hoffe's comedy, "The Faithful Heart." It is to be seen at the Comedy Theatre

Janet Jevons

Jean Colin, who is taking the title part in the famous old musical comedy, "La Poupée, which was revived at Daly's Theatre on Christmas Eve

is (at the moment of going to press) rapidly recovering. He elected, politically speaking, to go into the wilderness over India. But this is not to say that he is wrong over India; on the contrary, his view is the supremely sane one, as opposed to the policy of those whom not even yet another murder—this time by a couple of schoolgirls—can shake from their irritating mixture of timidity and complacency. That Winston secured but a small following for his recent vote of censure is no criterion of the estimation in which he is held by a far larger number of members of the House of Commons than is generally realised. He is one of the few men in the present Parliament who is considered to mean something—to mean, in fact, a very great deal.

FROM which it may be deduced that the present Government is by no means a "Ministry of All the Talents." It is not. Its advent was, I still hold, the one bright spot in the murkiness of 1931. Yet 1932 finds its glory—well, not eclipsed, but tarnished a little. We do not find ourselves buoyed up with that splendid glow of optimism we experienced in October. The sins are sins of omission rather than commission. Much has been against the Government, chiefly the world-wide trade depression and the increasing tangle of the debts and reparations question. But there has been too much equivocation, too much shilly-shallying, too much internal negotiation among separate parties, which in this time of national stress should be but one party. There are nettles which should be grasped, and are not grasped. The spirit of the wrong sort of compromise is flopping timorously about all over the place. The vast majority, and the equally vast confidence, handed to the National Government at its inception, should have prevented

Walter Bird

Frederick Carpenter, the dancer, in a pose reminiscent of a piece of ancient Greek sculpture. He takes the part of the Boy King in the spectacular revue, "Bow Bells," at the London Hippodrome

By Platford

"I never kiss a girl save upon great occasions"
"What do you call great occasions?"
"Whenever I kiss a girl!"

"I always thought the
"She was, but she went

IN THE NEW YEAR

"The year 1932 will be fraught with great changes for England," says a newspaper scribe.

IN days to come they say we'll find
Great changes everywhere,
So Bernard Shaw may soon refuse
Within the Press to air his views
And never get into the news,
But shun the limelight's glare
And hide his hoary head from view
In 1932.

If Parliament's affected, too,
We may awake to see
That Lady Astor gets a cheer
For boosting honest British beer,
And Jimmie Maxton's made a peer
Whilst Winston vows that he
Will join the Little England crew
In 1932

But even though we live to see
These changes come about,
One thing unchanged will still remain
And we shall struggle all in vain
To break old Dora's binding chain.
Of that there is no doubt,
For she will hold on just like glue
In 1932!

B. W

By Frank Whitburn

Fortesque woman was a blonde"
off the gold standard some weeks ago!"

that spirit from ever arising. I can only hope that New Year's resolutions will succeed in exorcising it. That can be done with sufficient effort. But we are sadly out of practice. Indeed, we do not, as a nation, take enough exorcise.

S

No one but a fire-eating imbecile would belittle attempts at disarmament. More than thirteen years after the "war to end war," the nations of the earth are spending the preposterous sum of £2,000,000 a day on armaments. There have been efforts to reduce this expenditure, and the pity of it is that this country has been almost alone in making them. The Archbishop of Canterbury and all our bigwigs among the statesmen—such bigwigs, that is to say, as we can muster nowadays—all trooped off to St. Paul's the other day for a disarmament service, and, as a proof that we are, at any rate, not hypocrites here, the ceremony coincided with a significant cutting down of the Tank Corps.

S

That same evening I went to a cinema. Not to a splendid palace to gaze on the ethereal graces of Constance Bennett or Nancy Carroll. I went to one of those admirable little "news" theatres, in which one sits for an hour for a bob to watch anything from hunting lions and laying foundation stones to highly inaccurate episodes in the lives of the great composers. On the programme was something which set me a-thinking about disarmament. It was a review of part of the Soviet Army in the Red Square at Moscow. Tanks by the score were rumbling past with horrible efficiency; there were machine-guns and heavy artillery and rows and rows of grim-faced Bolshevist soldiers, perfectly equipped and well fed, cheered by enthusiastic crowds. I saw, too, part of the Russian air force. It was not a comforting sight. Is Soviet Russia, with its eye on India, and on the rest of Europe, too, with its ceaseless proclaiming, in order to encourage and to steel its own people, that the capitalist countries are preparing to pounce, going to disarm to the extent of a single bayonet? By the beard of Lenin, no!

S

Talking of lion-hunting films (which, incidentally, we were), I imagine that by this time the British film public is under the impression that all the big-game expeditions in the world are carried out exclusively by Americans. I have seen many of these films, quite well done, if not always convincing. In every one of them there is as an accompaniment an unmistakably American voice extolling the bravery of the American who is doing the hunting, the American who is taking the pictures, and so forth. Yet more than a normal share of the world's hunting and pioneer work has been carried on by Englishmen.

Also in "It's a Girl" are Leslie Henson and Sydney Howard, the two principal comedians in this farce at the Strand Theatre, who prove such admirable foils for each other

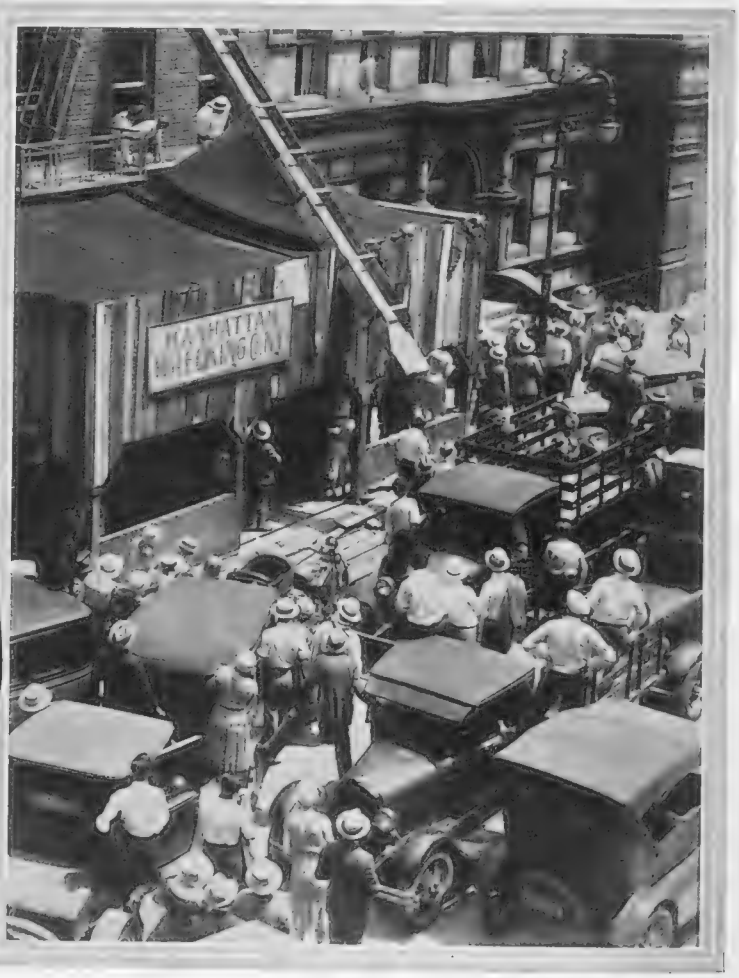
Jeanne Stuart, who plays the part of a mannequin in "It's a Girl," the new farce at the Strand Theatre

CIVIL WAR AND UNCIVIL STRIFE

The busy jostling crowds of New York's East Side vividly portrayed in an incident from "Street Scene." This Samuel Goldwyn talkie production of the stage play of that name opens at the Regal on January 2

Arlesford (Gavin Gordon) the head of the Confederate Secret (Richard Dix) in a scene from "Secret Service." The woman in this film, which is

Greta Grandstedt, the attractive star of the new Samuel Goldwyn production of "Street Scene." This achieved an enormous success as a stage play when it was first produced in America, and was very well received when, later, it was presented in London



After the murder: The hunt for the criminal proves one of the most thrilling incidents in Samuel Goldwyn's production of "Street Scene." The stark realism of the stage play was admirably suited for handling through the medium of the talkies and this film loses nothing of the original atmosphere

IN BRITISH AND FOREIGN TALKIES

ervice, uses his pistol to give point to his oraers to Lewis Dumont the case is Shirley Grey, who plays the daughter of a General ll of excitements

Another scene from the R.K.O.-Radio picture," Secret Service," which opened at Leicester Cinema, in Leicester Square, on Boxing Day. On the right is Richard Dix, the hero of this new talkie dealing with the Civil War in America

Mary Newcomb in a scene from "Frail Women," Julius Hagen's production, recently completed at the Twickenham Studios. This is the first appearance of this famous actress on the talkie screen, and she has a part eminently suited to her powers of strong dramatic acting

Margaret Vines and Frederick Paisley in another scene from the new British talkie, "Frail Women," which tells of a couple who lived without benefit of clergy, and what happened to their daughter when she grew up. It was directed by Maurice Elvey

CLEMENCE DANE writes on THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

"ISABELLA OF SPAIN"

BY W. T. WALSH

Sheed and Ward, 15s.

LATE in an autumn unusually rich in good biographies comes a new history of *Isabella of Spain*, by W. T. Walsh. Already in the preface the reader's interest will be caught by the definite and, to me, welcome protest which Mr. Walsh makes against the sort of biography that has in the last years become so fashionable—the biography written to show off the superiority of the biographer. Mr. Walsh puts the matter in a nutshell in his foreword. He says: "The amazing story of Queen Isabel of Castile . . . needs no embellishing or piecing out with the wisdom—or folly—of another age. To probe the inner cosmos of men and women long dead by the light of a pseudo-science, to strip away with pitiless irony all noble or generous appearances, to prise open with an air of personal infallibility the very secret hinges of the door to that ultimate sanctuary of the human conscience which is inviolable even to father confessors—that is an office for which I have neither the taste nor the talent; and if I have fallen unawares into any such pitfalls of the devils of megalomania, I beg forgiveness in advance."

IT is an attitude of mind which prepossesses the reader in favour of the story that is to come. As Mr. Walsh says: "Condescension is not a window, but a wall. Even to begin to understand a person (the representative of an age), you must have enough sympathy to imagine yourself standing in his place, holding the same beliefs, having the same information, feeling the same emotions. You can never achieve more than a caricature of him if you keep reminding yourself that he is a mediæval ignoramus with faults and passions that you imagine you do not share."

IT is, I think, because Mr. Walsh has taken up this attitude to the great woman whom he is attempting to present to us that he is so extremely successful. May Queen Elizabeth one day perhaps find such a biographer! Elizabeth comes into one's mind, not so much because of the connection—Isabella was the grandmother of Elizabeth's sister, Queen Mary—but because of the curious similarity between the two women in their early history, their careers as governing monarchs, and in the sorrows that accumulated upon them in old age. Isabella was heiress (after her brother's early death) to her half-brother, Enrique of Castile. She was alone in a corrupt court, threatened again and again with

Lenare

MISS CLEMENCE DANE

forced marriage, implored by grave rebels to assume the crown during her brother's lifetime. She had the most difficult course to steer. Better off than Elizabeth of England, however, she found a man to help her. At eighteen she and the seventeen-year-old Ferdinand of Aragon contrived to get married, and it is clear that it was a marriage of love as well as of policy. Isabella, even allowing courtiers their spectacles, must have been a fair enough creature on her coronation day four years later, with her blue eyes, copper-gold hair, fair skin, and fine figure, clad in white brocade and ermine.

BUT not in peace did she become Queen of Spain after the death of her worthless brother. There was another claimant to the throne—Enrique's natural daughter Juana; and even when the problem of Juana had been solved, Isabella's work as a queen had only begun.

SHE seems to have been a military genius with the physical endurance of an athlete and the brain of a chess-player. With her practically minded husband she set out to create an empire—and succeeded. There seems, in our sense of the word, to have been no kingdom of Spain at all. There were kingdoms in the Peninsula—the kingdom of Portugal, the kingdom of Castile, the kingdom of Aragon; there was a Moorish sovereignty; there were settlements of Jews; there was the immense caste of the Conversos, the converted Jews. "How to fuse elements almost as immiscible as oil and water into a unity capable of resolving chaos into order and pushing back to the Mediterranean the western salient of the mighty battle-line of Islam—that was the challenge that the times had hurled at Isabel's immediate ancestors, and found them wanting. It was a task which, if at all possible, demanded constructive genius of the highest order."

THE constructive genius was found in this nineteen-year-old princess, a girl so like that military genius, Joan of Arc, who had been burned twenty years earlier, that, reading of Isabella's exploits, one is startled into strange conjectures. And with her husband to help her she did reduce the chaos to order, she did conquer her enemies, create a nation, and establish a Power which, before it broke, was the mightiest empire in the world. She was responsible for the expulsion of the Jews, and for the establishment of the Inquisition, and through her belief in Columbus and his wild schemes a new world was found.

SHE moves through these pages indeed as a great woman—just, fierce, proud, ruthless, but not pitiless: a kind mother, a loving wife; indeed, a good woman as well as a great one. It is mere sentimentality that, being what she was and doing what she did, we should also, to soothe our romantic souls, require her to be lovable.

THE HUNTING SEASON

On this and the following three pages is found a special hunting feature. Foxhounds and Draghounds in England and Ireland are portrayed in photographs taken at meets of many of the most famous hunts

A photograph taken at a meet of Mr. John Alexander's Subscription Hounds at Lord Bellew's seat, Jenkinstown Park, near Kilkenny, showing the Master and his wife

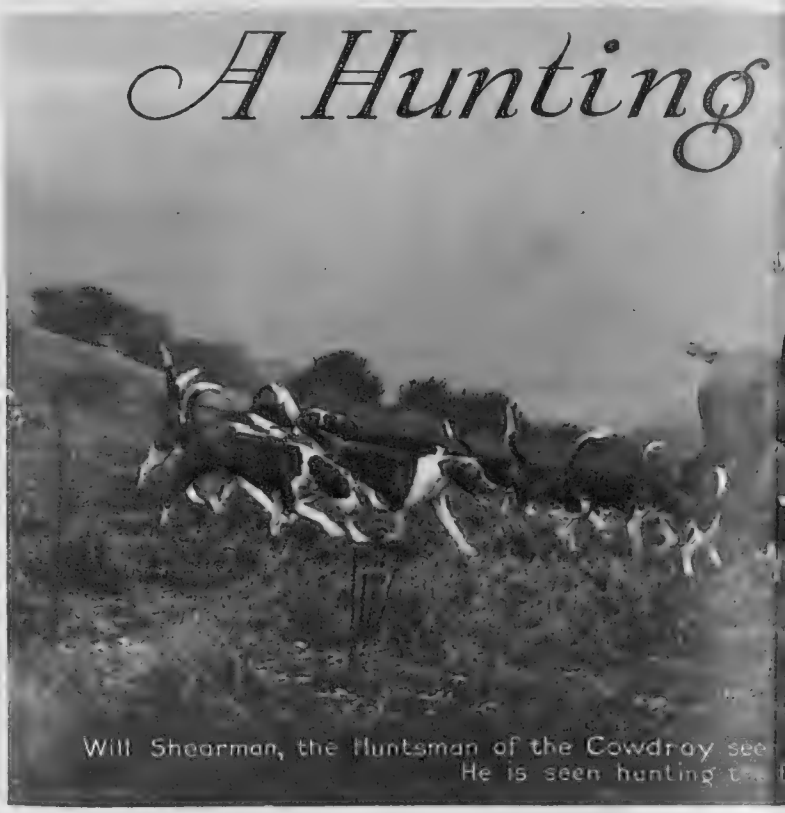
(Below.) Major Dermont McCalmont, M.C. The Master of the Kilkenny Hounds since 1921. He is the owner of "The Tetrarch," the wonder-horse of his time

Mrs. Masters seen at a recent meet of the Tipperary. There is no better lady rider in Ireland than Mrs. Masters, and she has many ladies' and open Point-to-point races to her credit

A group seen at a recent meet of the Royal Meaths at Dunsany Castle. From left to right are Mr. Ion Villiers Stuart, the Master of the West Waterford, Lady Dunsany, Brig.-General D. T. Hammond, Mrs. Connell, the Joint Master of the Meaths, the Hon. Randal Plunkett, the Hon. Mervyn Wingfield, Mrs. Villiers Stuart, and the Hon. Gerald and Mr. Wellesley. Hunting in Ireland offers great opportunities to visitors to Ireland, for there it is not only very cheap, but affords excellent sport

A photograph taken at a recent meet of the Quorn at Widmerpool Village, near Nottingham. Seen above are Mrs. Tilney and her son, Mr. Ned Tilney, and Miss Watts

A Hunting



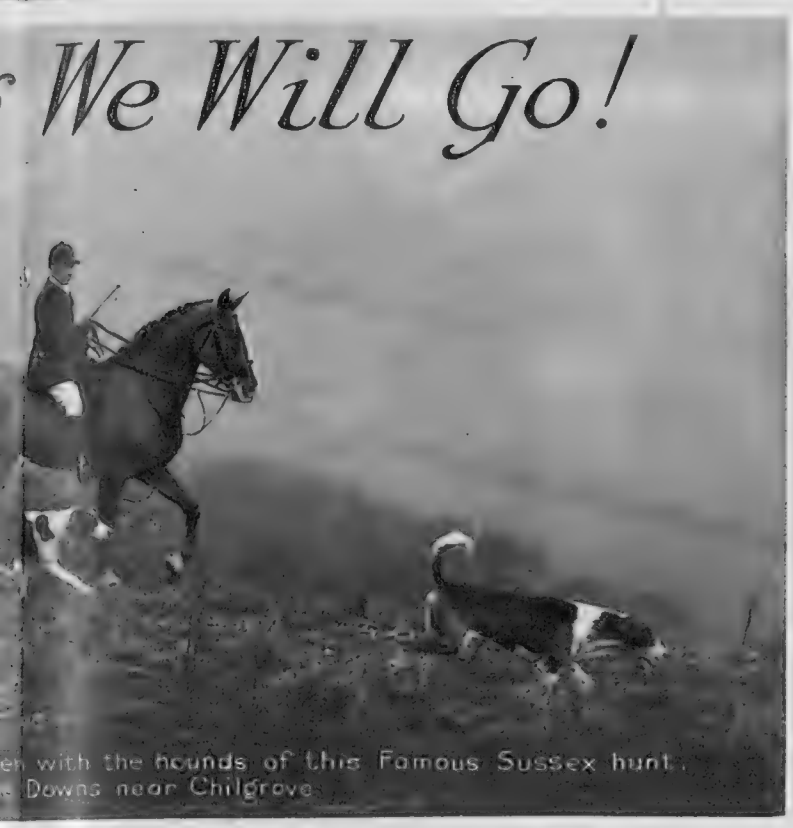
Will Shearman, the Huntsman of the Cowdray see
He is seen hunting t

(Above, left.) The Hon. Ian St. John Lawson-Johnston, the elder son of Lord Luke, and Miss Betty Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe, the daughter of Sir Fitzroy Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe, at a meet of the Garth at the latter's home, Elventham Hall, near Odiham. Their engagement was recently announced

(Right.) Lady Helen Vane-Tempest-Stewart, the third daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry, puts her hunter at a ticklish jump. The photograph was taken during a run of the Cottesmore, following the meet at Burton Lazars

(Right.) Mr. J. L. R. Blunt and his fiancée, Miss Heather Harrison-Broadley. They are watching hounds move off from the meet of the York and Anstey South and Holderness Hunts at Foggathorpe, near Hull

... We Will Go!



...en with the hounds of this Famous Sussex hunt ... Downs near Chilgrove

The Ladies Ursula and Isobel Manners at a recent meet of the Belvoir, held at Belvoir Castle. They are the daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland

(Right.) Sir Victor and Lady Warrender seen at a meet of the Cottesmore at Knossington, near Oakham. Accompanying them is their little son Robin, who is already keenly interested in hunting

THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE DRAGHOUNDS MEET

(Left.) The scene outside the famous Hind's Head Hotel at Bray when the Household Brigade Draghounds met there recently for a day's sport. The great majority of the eleven packs of Draghounds in England are run by military organisations

On the right, a fair follower of the Household Brigade Draghounds, which number sixteen couple, is seen taking a hedge in good style; and below, Capt. A. A. Miller, Scots Guards, the Master of this popular hunt, is seen chatting with Lady Stanier over a stirrup-cup at the recent meet at the Hind's Head Hotel at Bray

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

Cut Diamonds

by GEORGE FROXFIELD

WHEN Glyn Wallinger, lean, six-foot-two, small-featured, slender-ankled and wristed, brown eyes lazily exploring, sauntered into the lounge of the Cosmopolitan Hotel, with that unconscious air of superiority that is the gift of Marlchester and Oxford but one of the few things a plutocrat cannot buy, a girl, deep in a vast arm-chair by the blazing fire, examined him critically over the top of a weekly, then laid the magazine aside and stood up.

The movement caught his eye. He quickened his step and came to her, smiling.

"Gillia!" he ejaculated, hand outstretched.

"Mr. Wallinger," said she, gripping his hand hard.

"Glyn's my name," he declared.

"But we're both much too young for me to call you that," she answered, smiling. "Somehow your photograph made me think you were older."

"Your photograph," said he, smiling, too, "prepared me for big eyes, but not for their intense blue, for fair hair, but not a——a kingcup, for a very pretty girl, but not ——for you. I'm glad lenses lie."

"I shall thrive on this!" she exclaimed and laughed. "Go on, please. Tell me why you like lying cameras."

"Because I hate being hungry and unfed," he answered. "You see, I couldn't possibly have afforded to come trailing out to Borneo to see you."

"We shall get on," she declared. "Let's sit down and get to know each other."

With a chair drawn close to hers and cocktails on a table between their knees, he questioned her about her voyage home (only to her Binjang, at the foot of a peak of the Iran mountains in Sarawak was really home). Dull, she said. Intensely lonely she had been. A very lonely person she was and always had been. Binjang was miles and miles from anywhere. There hadn't been any other white people within reach. In front of the bungalow stretched a vast danaus ("A lake, you'd call it," she explained), and behind it an iron-wood forest with fringes of betel and rattan.

"Barring pegs, all father thought about was sago and cinnamon," she complained. "Did you often hear from him?"

"Never."

"You knew mother, didn't you?"

"She's a sort of cousin—the once or twice removed kind. You know how it all happened?"

"Only vaguely. Evidently father wasn't proud of it. Please tell me——the whole truth."

"You're of age. Your father's dead. You'll probably hear a garbled version," said Glyn. "Well, this is the whole truth—so far as I know it."

Gillia Anderson's mother had tired of Binjang. It wasn't only because of the lake in front, the forest behind and being marooned. Gillia's father had thought about one other thing beside whisky, sago and cinnamon——women.

"When you were nine or ten," went on Glyn, "your father came up from—Kuching, would that be right?—with a young French widow. A governess for you, he told your mother. Madame Chardin brought her child with her to be a companion for you."

"I remember," she exclaimed. "Frizelle was a darling. We adored each other. For years, you know, I believed mother was dead. I looked upon Frizelle as a sister and her mother as my mother. Smallpox took them both—within a week of each other. My eyes were so swollen I could hardly see for days."

"Poor kid," said Glyn. "And you've lived on with your father ever since?"

She nodded and said:

"Please go on. I didn't mean to interrupt."

Mrs. Anderson, Glyn told her, left her husband and Binjang soon after Madame Chardin's arrival. Apparently Linley Stone, the explorer, whose book is the standard work on Head-hunting, had been in love with her. She joined him. Stone died many years ago, leaving all he possessed to Lovice Anderson.

"SEVEN years ago," ended Glyn, "when your mother died at Cannes, my old uncle, Admiral Morrisey, found himself sole executor and trustee under her will. When he was to have his appendix removed he prevailed on me to become co-trustee. There wasn't much to be done, as you know. Your mother left all she possessed—the £10,000 that Stone had left her—to you. The interest was to be paid to you till you were twenty-one and then—that is now—the capital was to be handed over to you and the job was done. The admiral went under, poor old chap, so I carried on alone."

"We looked on your quarterly letters as calendars," she said, grateful eyes on his. "Never a day late. It's been sweet of you. Have I been a terrible trouble?"

"It's been," he said, "a labour of love. Seven years ago—I was twenty-five then—I lived alone in rooms and thought of nobody but myself and how I could put in a good time. Amongst the admiral's things I found an old photograph of you—a tiny, naked wisp. It has stood on my dressing-table ever since."

Illustrated by
FRANK OLDHAM

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[All the characters and incidents in this story are entirely fictitious.]

He smiled, staring at her in silence, then added:

"I've thought so much about you. I've hated the idea of you being isolated amongst Chinks and Dyaks and Malays. That's why I insisted upon your coming home and taking possession of your property in person. You didn't want to come, Gillia. Why was that?"

"I——funked it," she admitted. "I've never travelled, you see. Coming to England seemed like going to Mars. But——I'm very glad I did come."

Shyly her eyes most fleetingly met his.

"Then we're both——very glad," said he.

They dined, went to Daly's, supped and danced at the Café de Paris.

"To-morrow," announced Glyn, when they were back in the lounge of the Cosmopolitan, "I shall call for you and take you shopping. I know you pine to see the London shops. I shall be less trouble to you than a Peke. And, to-morrow, I shall refuse to talk business because, once I've handed over your bonds, I know I shan't get another glance from those eyes that the camera never told me were so blue."

"D'you think I'm that kind? To forget all you've done for me? Besides, you're the only friend I've got in England."

"Don't make any others. I feel——exclusive. It's a delicious feeling. I shall go to my lonely bed and think out how to entertain you."

"Telephone and let me know the programme," she said. "I've a bedside telephone upstairs. It's a new thrill."

He promised. He rang.

"The programme for your approval, Gillia. A.M. shopping. Lunch at Quaglino's. P.M. sight-seeing——if it appeals. Tea at the Carlton. Elbow-room for a dance. Dinner at the May Fair. A show——anywhere. Some supper, and so good-night."

"Heavenly!" she said. "You in bed?"

"No. I don't run to bedside telephones. I'm shivering in a box in the hall, envying you—all snug and tucked up—no end. It ought to be part of a trustee's duties to tuck up his cestui que trust."

"What's that?"

"Norman French legal term for a very lovely girl with eyes of a heavenly blue, the skin of a nectarine——"

"What's a nectarine?"

"Why, the sweetest, softest thing a man can taste."

"But—*can* he?"

"Can he what?"

"Taste it."

"He can dream about it."

Presently, having inserted more pence, Glyn asked:

"Little feet warm? Sure? I do wish television would buck up. I'd love to see you."

"Aren't you——rather naughty?"

"You're the first to suggest it. P'raps you're the cause. Now I come to think of it, I've felt frightfully different to-night."

More pence having clattered in, Glyn said:

"Saying good-night's rotten. It ought to be abolished. He's the only man on earth I envy."

"Who is?"

"The man who doesn't have to say 'good-night' to you."

Smiling, Glyn retired upstairs to bed. Still smiling he met her next morning in the lounge.

"*Did* you dream of me?" was almost her first question.

"I did. But I shan't breathe a word. No, I won't. Really, I swear it. You'd be furious. 'Pon my word, I feel I ought to resent the thing myself. Such goings on! Now then, are you prepared to buy the prettiest hat in London?"

The day was spent as planned. It ended with a prolonged telephonic conversation. Once more Glyn trod upstairs smiling.

"There, in a lavender-scented clearing, the sea still and glittering under the moon

THE fourteen days that followed differed little from that initial day except that—for a change, as he said—they lunched and dined at queer little places in Soho side-streets and had tea at Corner Houses or the like.

Fortunately, as Glyn explained to her, he wasn't a slave to his job. He was a financier. When he had brought off a big deal he took a holiday. When an opportunity presented itself he seized it and put in some work.

"Gillia," said he as they sat at dinner fifteen days after her arrival, "England in April's a rotten place for a girl used to the Far East. You ought to be at the Riviera."

"I'd love it," she declared.

"And it would love you," said he. "We'd go to Menton——flower market, sunny streets, dark tunnelled alleys, donkeys with panniers full of olives or lemons on the mountain passes or cobbled ways, hot blazing sun without even the tramontana to chill us. You'd adore it. We'd bask on golden sands and dance and gamble."

"It sounds divine," she agreed. "Then let's."

"I'd buy the tickets this instant if you were——ten years younger."

w, he made her sit down, and said suddenly: 'Won't you trust me, Frizelle?'"

"People," said she, eyebrows meeting, "would talk?"

He nodded and said:

"It wouldn't hurt me, of course. I'm thinking of you. I——do little else these days."

"You're a dear!" she exclaimed, impulsively. "Such a dear that I don't know what I should have done without you."

"I don't know what I *shall* do without you," he answered.

"Have you——got to? Must you go away then?"

"You'll go," he said. "You've not mentioned—business all this time. But you must have thought about it. P'raps you're wondering. I've put off settling things up because I'm afraid——growing more and more afraid each day——of your going out of my life."

"Why should I?" she asked in low tones. "I'm not so rich in friends that I want to lose my best. I've not thought once about——business. And I don't want to think of it now. My head's full of your pictured Riviera. Couldn't we possibly go——somehow?"

"We could. Isn't this Goulash Hongroise topping? It's quite a fashionable place to honeymoon in."

Smiling, she glanced at him.

"Is that how it's done nowadays?" she said. "Then it's——pass the salt, please——'yes.'"

He laughed and she laughed. His fingers momentarily shut down on hers as he passed the salt-cellar. His feet caught one of hers between them and pressed it.

"You darling," he whispered.

For the first time, at her own insistence, she saw his rooms that night. Deep in a chair he lay with her, subtly inciting, in his arms. She made him show her the photograph of naked baby Gillia which stood on the dressing-table of his bedroom.

"What a chubby, tubby little figure!" she ejaculated. "How I've changed!"

"Have you?"

A thought of the use of which such an opening would have been put by the Glyn of a few weeks ago streaked in his mind and made him frown. A special licence was necessary for such comparisons.

So he bought and made use of one.

At the end of April the Glyn Wallingers reached Menton. Throughout May, as the place emptied, at cafés, on the sands, in the cobbled streets and open shops, they were constantly noticed, for she was so radiantly pretty and he so good-looking, and both so smart, debonair, primed with such high spirits, so obviously, so absurdly in love.

But to Nugent Weeks, whose cinematographic photographs of orang-outang, banteng, tapirs and alligators taken in the heat of the dense jungles of Borneo have lately charmed London audiences, neither Glyn nor his wife appeared to be altogether happy.

He first saw them apart. She seemed to be watching some chattering dark-eyed girls who were mending nets on the shore. Nugent lighting his twentieth pipeful of shag, thought, "I know that face, that close-clinging ear, the set of that blue eye, that most determined chin. Who? Where? When? Looks pretty deep in the dumps."

Later that same day, happening to have gone to their hotel, Weeks again saw the Wallingers. Glyn, smiling, was talking to his radiant wife. She ran upstairs. Glyn's face changed. Frowning he stared up after her, then screwed up his eyes and seemed to deflate, to lose all his aplomb and that unconscious air of superiority that had amused Weeks, who didn't possess it.

Nugent, smouldering pipe stuffed in his pocket, dined with his friends—an elderly, war-impoverished couple complaining bitterly of the situation, cuisine and attendance of the cheap hotel—and forgot the Wallingers till their return from the casino.

This time it was Glyn who went upstairs, leaving his wife alone at the foot of the staircase. Nugent Weeks excused himself, rose, sauntered across the lounge, took, seemingly reluctant, his pipe from his mouth, and said, smiling:

"You've forgotten me, I see."

She turned in surprise. He was too keen an observer not to read recognition—hazy, indeed, but ready in her eyes, though she said swiftly:

"I don't think so. I've never seen you before, have I?"

"Surely. Don't you come from the East?"

"No."

"Didn't we meet on——?"

"No," she broke in. "I'm sure we've never met."

Presented with a view of her bare shoulder, Weeks noticed a mole on her upper arm no bigger than a pin's head. It didn't identify her, but it made him certain that he had seen her and it before.

"I've a trained memory," he had begun to say when she turned on him and said in low, angry undertones:

"I've never met you Never. And——and I think I ought to tell you that I'm——I'm on my honeymoon and my husband s very jealous——"

"You flatter me," said Weeks, laughing and bowing simultaneously. "No man has been jealous of me yet."

At that moment Glyn came strolling downstairs.

Indignant, Nugent Weeks had put his pipe between his lips. He whipped it out.

"Forgive me, sir," he said. "I thought I had met your wife out East. She has indignantly corrected my mistake. My name is Weeks——Nugent Weeks. I——"

"It's quite all right," she broke in, slipping her arm through Glyn's. "I wasn't in the least bit offended."

Nugent Weeks observed that she was trying to draw Glyn away.

"Why should you be?" he observed. "The young lady I confused you with was very beautiful. That is not offensive, I hope, when said sincerely by a man so ugly and old as me."

"Not a bit!" exclaimed Glyn. "Mr. Weeks, I've seen your photographs. The movies of the orang-outangs. Simply gorgeous! Borneo's a huge place, I know, but it's queer that you should have thought you'd met Gillia——"

"Gillia!" repeated Nugent. "A rare name! Gillia ——? Some other name's associated with it. Gillia—— Anderson!"

"Why, that *is* Gillia here—*was* her till she married me, I mean," ejaculated Glyn. "She came——"

"Only I never met Mr. Weeks," she broke in. "Glyn, let's go. I want to see the bay by moonlight again. I want——"

"I apologise," said Nugent. "I met your father, Eardley Anderson, several times in Kuching. You must let me call some day."

"Delighted," said Glyn, "but our stay's short—in fact, we may be leaving to-morrow."

Nugent Weeks sucked at his pipe and thought, "You're lying. You never dreamt of leaving here. Your saying that amazed her. And she's keen to avoid me, too. You've both taken alarm. What's up? You're sniffing the wind and getting scared—both of you. How've I stampeded you?"

"We'll probably go on to Monte, won't we, Gillia?" said Glyn.

"I'd love it," she answered. "Good-night, Mr. Weeks. Come along, Glyn."

Once outside the hotel Glyn said:

"Let's go. We don't want people butting into our Eden. We'll bunk to-night, shall we?"

"Do—do—*do!*" was her emphatic answer.

"By car. To Monte?"

"No. Anywhere rather. Let's go to some tiny place no one's ever been to before. I want you all to myself. That man would be a leech, I'm sure he would. Besides——"

"Well, darling?"

"He—he looked at me in such a funny way. Like a Chink did once. Father half-killed him because he tried to kiss me. He's—evil. I felt it."

"I felt something of the kind, too," said he. "Then it's settled. We'll hire a car."

THE Wallingers left Menton at two o'clock in the morning, and slept till late at the tiny Hotel Beauregard at quiet little St. Jean. They had reckoned without their host, however, for Mr. Nugent Weeks, having called at their hotel next morning and found them flown, immediately became warmly interested in them. Little Mrs. Wallinger, he knew, had lied when she said she'd never been in the East. Young Wallinger had been scared directly he heard that he (Nugent) had met her father, Eardley Anderson.

Nugent Weeks smoked two pipes in calm reflection, two more while he put in some elementary detective work, and arrived at St. Jean at four o'clock that afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Glyn Wallinger were bathing. Nugent Weeks did not discover them till they came hand-in-hand bounding out of the sea. On the jetty, at which a tartane loaded wine amidst a crowd of sailors in red shirts and huge wide-awake black hats, bare-legged girls attending to nets, odd visitors, and an artist busy at his easel, sat Nugent Weeks, pipe in mouth, binoculars in hand. Young Wallinger he stared at first, lowered his glasses, reflected, shook his head, then examined Mrs. Wallinger's astonishingly pretty face.

Suddenly he smiled. As suddenly he frowned. Grim and perplexed he looked as he waited till Glyn ran down to the sea and went trudgeoning out.

Thereupon Nugent Weeks stood up, hurried to the back of the sands, then sauntered up behind little Mrs. Wallinger, took his pipe out of his mouth and ejaculated:

"How delightful! I thought you'd gone to Monte Carlo!"

GLYN saw the two seated talking in the sunshine as he turned and trod water in the deep green shadowed water of the second tartane lying moored some sixty yards out. He recognised Nugent's scraggy neck and the eternal briar waggling in his mouth as he spoke.

Glyn duck-dived. Under the tartane he swam, emerged on her far side, breathed deeply, then swam on his back towards the jetty. Landing on its far side he shook himself, then worked round to the back of the sands and, taking advantage of tents and umbrellas, crept close to his wife and this most persistent visitor.

"You—you mean to tell me," he heard Nugent Weeks stutter in bewilderment, "that you—er—just pretended to be Gillia Anderson for—for a rag?"

"Yes. I meant to tell him. I never meant to keep it up. Only I—I got to like him so."

"I remember you now distinctly," said Weeks. "It was the only time I ever went to Binjang. Your eyes were the bluest I'd ever seen. You must have been ten or eleven. They called you Frizelle. Your mother—kept house for Eardley Anderson."

"For—my father," she said in quiet correction. "Years before he used to stay with us at Kuching. It was his bungalow—on the hills on the left bank of the river—that we lived in, till he made us come to Binjang."

"So poor little Gillia died?"

"Of smallpox. My mother died of it, too. She had nursed her."

"And you lived on there with your father?"

"Yes."

"What made you come home? What induced you to begin this—impersonation?"

"Just—romance" she said. "You see, Glyn—that's my husband, you know—was a cousin of Mrs. Anderson's. He—he took an interest in Gillia. So when father died and I was left all alone in the wilds, I thought, 'If I'd been Gillia I'd have asked Mr. Wallinger to advise—help—befriend me.' That's what gave me the idea. I didn't hurt anybody——"

"Of course not," said Weeks. "But, surely, you ought to have let him know the truth before you married him?"

"I loved him so," she said. "I was terrified of—of losing him."

"You ought to tell him," advised Nugent, lighting his pipe, which only dumbfounderment had extinguished. "One day it may be too late. Tell him now. He looks such a jolly fellow. And he loves you, I'm perfectly sure of that. He'll forgive you. A secret like yours is a horrible burden for a young girl. A regular canker. Make a clean breast of it, my dear."

"I—will," said she.

"Promise me?"

"Faithfully. It *is* best. I see that. I was a little fool ever to deceive him. But I didn't gain anything by it."

"Of course you didn't, and I'm sure he won't make heavy weather of it. Where is he? Can you see him?"

"I expect he's swum right round the jetty."

"Then I'll go. And I'll bother you no more. Tell him of your own accord. I wish you every happiness. Goodbye, little Mrs. Wallinger."

He took her hand, shook it, and walked up the sands past Glyn, who lay prone, his face hidden in his bent arms.

Not Gillia! An impostor. Eardley Anderson's daughter by Madame Chardin. Not Lovice's girl. The money wasn't hers.

She was crying there, he perceived, peeping.

Nugent Weeks was out of sight when Glyn crept back up the sands. To the far side of the jetty he walked, then splashed into the water.

Ten minutes later he came trudgeoning between the two tartanes, making for the sands and the girl who wasn't Gillia.

Up the sands he came, bounding, bent, caught her up in his arms, kissed her rapturously, despite protest, and said, "Hang the people! Let 'em stare till their eyes drop out!

(*Continued on page 662*)

ALL ON A HUNTING MORNING
The Eridge moving off through Eridge Warren to draw the first covert. This popular hunt numbering thirty couple meets twice a week under the Mastership of Major Guy Larnach-Nevill.

JANE GORDON writes on THE FASHIONS OF THE WEEK

THIS week you are expected to make a few good resolutions. No one expects you to keep them, but it is considered better to make and break them than never to make them at all. I can think of any number of good resolutions for other people to make, but am strangely lacking in ideas for myself. I would like barbers, for instance, to resolve that they would not rest until they had discovered a hair lotion for men that would not leave greasy marks on the backs of chairs or on wallpapers. It would also be a good idea if every man made a resolution to pay at least one compliment to one woman once a day; and life would be happier if we ourselves concentrated more on the pleasant things instead of always thinking about dress-making bills and diets. It never occurs to us how horrible life would be if we had to pay the same amount for our clothes as our predecessors did just after the War. Clothes are smarter and cheaper in London at the present time than they have ever been before. Women are certainly taking advantage of this, and all that is wanted now is for the English dressmakers to realise that they have the best-looking women in the world to show off their clothes. This year it is up to the dressmakers to provide their clientèle with the right clothes to lead English fashions.

WHAT a good thing it would be if every creator of English fashions, from the textile manufacturers to the makers-up of big wholesale houses, was forced to do a round of London's restaurants every week and see what smart women are really wearing. This week they might have seen Lady Milbanke having supper at one restaurant dressed in a plainly tailored gown of blue-black net beaded in long lines of the same colour beads, worn under a full-length coat of velvet the colour of port wine, and a little detachable capelet made of kolinsky; or Lady Queensberry wearing a black and beige lace insertion dress with a close-fitting bodice and a long full skirt.

ENGLISH dress designers could be very good if they were not so frightened of being unoriginal. To ensure against this, they go to the opposite extreme and design clothes that remind one of conjuring tricks, so covered are they with little capes and draperies that can be taken off and placed somewhere else, turning the dress into something entirely different. It is no good thinking that because you are artistic you can design lovely clothes. English women will never design properly until they have sense to learn their trade as other artists learn theirs, and the only way to learn about clothes is to study them. They should know their Paris dress shows as the buyers know them, and then they should know the ins and outs of workrooms, from cutters to fitters.

This is the only smart black and white ensemble I have seen this season. I saw Jeanne Stuart wearing it the other evening. The body is black velvet with a small frill round the décolletage. The white jacket is lined with black velvet, and the highwayman collar is sealskin. It is named "Up Stage"

THERE was a dress show at Ciro's the other evening consisting of English models. Some of them were extremely smart, but the majority, to my mind, were far too elaborate. There is one woman who is going to design clothes for England, and she should make a success of it because she has studied clothes in Paris for several years. Her name is Peggy Morris. She has taken a showroom over here, and she is going to make four collections a year of original models. I have seen some of her clothes and I like them.

THERE is going to be a great opening for this kind of work in the near future, because buyers are going to find it almost impossible to purchase in Paris. They have something between 80 and 95 per cent. duty to pay on every model they bring back to London, and, apart from this, they are faced with the impossibility of being able to afford, even if they wanted to, to repeat their models in French materials. Paris conturières are in an absolute panic, and are trying desperately to solve the problem. The English buyers are of great importance to them, because they not only buy the models, but repeat them in French material—or, rather, this is what they have done heretofore. Now this will all be changed, and unless the Paris houses can make up their models in English material, heaven knows what will happen to them. American buyers buy the models and have the material copied in America.

IT is a very brave woman who is determined to draw attention to herself at all costs. There were two of these women having supper the same evening a few nights ago at a well-known dance club. One was wearing very blonde hair, a black velvet dress, a black velvet jacket with

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LADY ASHLEY

One of the most beautiful women in Society, with Wendy, her dachshund, who accompanies her mistress whenever possible. Before her marriage to the Earl of Shaftesbury's heir in 1927 Lady Ashley was well known on the stage as Sylvia Hawkes

THE FASHIONS OF THE WEEK (continued from page 656)

THE COAT

Miss Pamela Carme wears this travelling coat of caramel tweed trimmed with natural flank musquash in Princess Bibesco's latest play. It was made by the leading Grosvenor Street dressmaker

a stand-up collar, reminding one of movie vamps ten years ago, and black gloves up to the elbow. The other had a dead-white face with no chin, a long pointed nose, straight hair parted in the middle, dragged back, and arranged in a bun at the back of her head. She wore a black dress cut in Victorian off-the-shoulder lines, and a black muff of the same silk material. One cannot help feeling sorry for the men with these women, and yet they must know what they are in for before they start off on the party.

IT would be interesting to know whether men who go about with really smart women appreciate how smart they are, or whether they simply take it for granted. For instance, would Sir John Buchanan-Jardine, Mr. Charles Cartwright, Col. Wilfred Egerton, Lord Plunket, or Lord Scarsdale reprove their wives if they saw them dowdily dressed? They are probably so used to seeing them perfectly turned out that it would never occur to them that their clothes could be wrong. Lady Buchanan-Jardine was out dancing with a party a few nights ago, and she was wearing the most lovely white georgette dress cut on Vionnet lines, with a V décolletage back and front, and all closely draped around the hips. The same evening Lady Plunket was also wearing white, with a long sash, and a necklace that reached nearly to her waist. It was made of emeralds, sapphires, and rubies carved like tiny scarabs, and strung together on a platinum chain.

ALL the smartest evening dresses have been in light colours this week. Mrs. Wilfred Egerton was wearing a blue satin dress with a pattern of very pale flowers on it cut very simply on Patou lines. Mrs. Cartwright, who usually wears rather strong colours, wore at a small dance a grey tulle dress with a very full skirt and a bodice of oxidised silver sequins that continued in a kind of panel down the back and front of the skirt. Lady Scarsdale wore for luncheon at the Embassy the smartest coat I have seen for some time. It was made of pale grey cloth trimmed with a black fox collar.

THERE was one really grand cocktail party given this week at Quaglino's. Those two rooms at the back were absolutely stuffed with young men and women. All the women were smart, but by far the smartest was Mrs. Kenneth Hollway, who wore a long coat of a bright cinnamon pink woollen material over a dark brown woollen dress. This was not only the most original colour scheme I had seen for some time, but it looked particularly well with Mrs. Hollway's dark hair and pretty complexion. Our hostess wore a long coat made of grey face cloth, with a big fur collar of exactly the same colour over a grey satin dress.

THE wind-swept hair cut has certainly come to stay. At a Midnight Ballet not long ago almost all the women had their hair arranged like this, or else like Lady Louis Mountbatten's—parted, and turned up in a small roll all the way round. I think it was the smartest audience that I have ever seen—smarter even than a Cochran first night. Many of the women wore long sable or mink coats. There were a few ermine coats, and quite a number of Chinchilla capelets. Mrs. Peter Thursby was dressed in a wine-red velvet gown and a long cape coat to match. Lady Cahn wore a marocain dress of duck's-egg blue, and a very dark blue shoulder cape edged with fur. Mrs. Constance Lambert, who is small, with a lovely figure, and extremely foreign-looking, wore a white dress with a short white bolero jacket edged with Chinese pink stitching. Miss Fammut, who was selling programmes in the entrance, was wearing a sapphire blue velvet dress and cape trimmed with a large black fox collar.

J. G.

THE DAY DRESS

A new wool romaine woven in tucks is used for this green day dress with a broadtail collar and belt. The buckle is bright steel. It is the smartest day dress I have seen this week

Everyone in Paris is skating outdoors on the Molitor artificial ice rink, which is a swimming bath in summer. Why cannot the same thing be done in England?

PARIS TO-DAY

By ETHEL MANNIN

WELL, that's that! Christmas, I mean. Branches of yew still form the background for the baskets of escargots and huîtres outside the brasseries and the little intimate restaurants, but the tinsel is already disappearing from the shop-windows, and many of the Anglo-Parisians who made a dash home for Christmas have begun to dribble back again into this city, where, in spite of intense cold, we seldom have fogs, and where, in spite of the rate of exchange, it is still possible to live cheaply. But it's tantalising, for all that, to be in the city in which trains leave every day for the South, where there is sunshine and violet fields and mimosa on the point of blooming.

"GOING home for Christmas?" everybody was asking only a week or two ago—but already it seems ages. Met young Desmond Parsons on the boat, going home to Birr Castle for Christmas, and saw the tall, good-looking, and—I am told—most perfect of ballroom dancers, George Fitzgeorge. Discovered a new bar since I wrote last—new to me, that is—Harry's New York Bar, in the Rue Denou. The slogan there seems to be, "We do our bit; the rest is up to you; make it snappy." Always nice to find a live bar—a dead one is the deadest and dreariest thing in the world. Has it ever struck you, by the way, that in many of the smart bars in Paris there is a definite segregation of the sexes? It's true that, apart from the exclusive male bar at the Ritz, there's "mixed drinking" to be had in the panelled general cocktail lounge, but the men are apparently so keen on doing the right thing by themselves in their own holy of holies, that one seldom finds other than women in the dark little oak-panelled room. Albeit, I think one sees there some of the smartest women in Paris—possibly in Europe.

Mlle. Emilienne Caisonne de Souzac, who has been elected "Miss France" for 1932. The daughter of a Nice lawyer, she is eighteen years of age

AND, whilst we're on this side of the river—the Delmonico, by the way, has now come into line with what leader writers call "the exigencies of the times," with dejeuner with vin compris for twenty-five francs. So, you see, it is still possible to be smart in Paris without being extravagant. This applies to clothes as much as to where one eats and drinks, I think. The Parisian conception of chic is unusualness—*making* a mode rather than following one; establishing a cult rather than following the herd. (Marcel Boulestin has this Parisian conception of chic; that is why you can get vin ordinaire from his exquisite cellar in London; you cannot get it at any cheap little restaurant; but those who can appreciate caviar with cream and vodka can afford to stoop to kippers—as a gesture; and so with wines. . . .)

TALKING of unusualness, I am wondering who is the young woman I am frequently seeing at different places on both sides of the river who goes about with a theatrical make-up of blue-white grease-paint, which gives her a deathly pallor which her scarlet mouth and purple hat emphasise with the most curious effect. It is an extraordinarily clever make-up, because attention is inevitably focused on her face by reason of the fact that she wears no colours at all—a dark coat and skirt and high-necked sweater, from the sombreness of which the only relief is the vivid colour of her mouth and the funereal colour of her hat. It is startlingly effective, after the first shock, but bizarre in the extreme! "Ghastly" is the word which comes to one's mind with the first impression. Not that she is hideous, far from it; but this weird make-up gives her a corpse-like ghastliness like that of the blue-green light they turn on to one up at that place in Montmartre where one dines cheerfully off coffins instead of tables.

MONTMARTRE, by the way, is caught in the wave of architectural modernity which—under Corbusier's influence—is sweeping Paris. Wandering listlessly the other Sunday afternoon I found a whole street of very striking modern studios and apartments in the very shadow of the Sacré Cœur. Perhaps in a few years' time this wave will inundate the old Montmartre of the cobbled, narrow streets and leaning houses. Montmartre is "dead" so far as its long-preserved tradition goes, anyhow. Artistic life, and amusement with it, has moved over the other side of the river to Montparnasse, and Montmartre has become somehow a place where it is always Sunday afternoon, with a depressing deadness and sultriness about it.

Despite the hard times in America, Hollywood continues to make merry, and the above photograph was taken at the opening of the Embassy Club there for the winter season. Seen above, from left to right, Mr. William Randolph Hearst, the newspaper magnate, and Miss Mary Pickford

Another photograph taken at the re-opening of the Embassy Club at Hollywood, when, to judge by the bottles on the table, Prohibition was conspicuous by its absence. Seen above are, from left to right, Miss Barbara Bennett, who in private life is Mrs. Morton Downey, Mr. Reginald Denny, the English film star, who has been many years in Hollywood, Miss Constance Bennett, the highest paid of all Hollywood's stars, and Mr. Gene Markey

PARIS has less of that Sabbath sultriness than any city I know, but there is more of it in Montmartre than anywhere else in Paris. On Sunday afternoons every tall-shuttered house seems to have its maundering gramophone and its shrieking wireless, and a sense of life going on behind shuttered windows. But perhaps the erection of so many modern studio buildings will bring a new lease of life to "the hill"—new student cafés will open up, and cabarets and bars will inevitably follow. This is happening with that part of Paris beyond the Rue de la Tombe Issoir; that long, dark street of the "tomb of the giant," with its sinister green street-lamps, to which one comes by way of the Lion de Belfort, with the University at the end. You might think you had come to the outskirts of Paris and the end of everything, judging by the darkness of the streets in this part, and the desolate tracks of waste ground; but, for all that, new buildings are going up in the modern tradition, and there is already a large and very modern café patronised by the University students. In a few years' time it is likely that this part of Paris will not be considered any more outlying than Montmartre or the Observatoire end of the Boulevard Montparnasse, and a new centre of student life and amusement will have been added to the capital. Alannah Harper, the young editress of that very modern and rather "precious" periodical *Echange*, lives up here in the Tombe Issoir.

Walter Bird

MRS. MADGE GARLAND

The well-known authority on women's dress, starting in our issue of January 6 will write every week on women's fashions and women's special interests

IT was at this house, at a cocktail party, that I heard an amusing James Joyce story. It appears that a very fashionable party was being given in his honour here in Paris, and one of the "features" of the evening was that after dinner the guests should listen in to Harold Nicholson speaking on Joyce and his work. But when the great moment came, and the hostess had turned on the wireless, and the guests had all settled down with an air of wondering expectancy to listen to the great "surprise"—the exact nature of which had been kept from them—all that they heard was that Mr. Nicholson's talk on Mr. Joyce would not take place—as the censor had forbidden it. . . .

E. M.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

ADVERTISEMENT & APES OF GOD

By "JUNIUS"

FRANK HARRIS'S biography, *Bernard Shaw* (Gollancz: 8*s.* 6*d.*), leaves you wondering which of the two—writer and subject—is the bigger publicity agent. In this book they have joined cordial hands across the stream of advertisement. After reading this "unauthorised biography," the impression is that Mr. Shaw is so sure of his hold on the public and is so indifferent to criticism, that he writes for it a foreword called "Credentials," and adds a postscript in which he says that owing to Frank Harris's death he himself had to correct the proof sheets. "I have had to do many odd jobs in my time," he writes, "but this one is quite the oddest." It is. And the oddest thing of all is that Mr. Shaw should have passed the proofs and allowed certain letters of his own to be published.

Mr. Shaw, in his postscript, says he does not endorse everything Frank Harris wrote about him. "But no man is a good judge of his own portrait; and if it be well painted he has no right to prevent the artist exhibiting it, or even when the artist is a deceased friend to refuse to varnish it before the show opens."

MR. W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM *Hughes*

The noted dramatist and novelist who has written an entertaining preface to "Gallery Unreserved." This book is written by "A Galleryite" and published by Heritage at 10s. 6d.

FRANK HARRIS was not an admirable man, but he generally hit the nail on the head. The nail he hit in this book—and he said it frankly—is that Bernard Shaw is a master of publicity. Mr. Shaw has passed his seventh decade. Frank Harris died last August at the age of seventy-six, with the reputation of a renegade and a journalistic blackmailer—vide one of Mr. Shaw's letters to him published in the book. Yet Frank Harris's biography of Bernard Shaw, including Mr. Shaw's sexual experiences under the heading "Shaw's Sex Credo," is published with a triple blessing from its subject, of foreword, postscript, and proof-reading.

Of course, the book is clever. Could such a combination fail to be clever? But it is advertisement, stark and unadorned. And a successful advertisement, since the book is already in its fourth impression.

THEATRE-LOVERS will delight in *Gallery Unreserved* (Heritage: 10*s.* 6*d.*), by A Galleryite. The anonymous writer is a gallery-addict. From that lofty eminence he has seen the first nights of plays for many years. In addition, scarcely a week seems to pass without seeing him amongst "the gods." He has much that is pertinent to say about plays as seen from the gallery point of view, and also about the faculties of the frequenters. His years of experience have proved to him that whenever the gallery gives "thumbs down" to a play, it is rarely, if ever, successful. Mr. Somerset Maugham writes a foreword, and most of our leading actors and actresses have written their views about galleryites, views which will delight those intrepid scalers of many stairs and sitters upon hard benches, all for love of the play. Some London theatre managers would do well to read the criticisms upon the conditions of their galleries.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw, whose biography by the late Frank Harris is published by Gollancz at 8s. 6d. It contains a foreword and postscript by Shaw, who also corrected the proof sheets

I FEAR I must be lacking in understanding. I have tried to read *The Apes of God* (Nash and Grayson: 10*s.* 6*d.*), by Wyndham Lewis, and have failed dismally. Yet when the book was originally produced in a three-guinea edition, one critic wrote that it "is the greatest piece of writing since *Ulysses*," and "is one of the most tremendous farces ever conceived in the mind of man." And Mr. Augustus John writes to the author: "These grandiose toys you manipulate with a gargantuan and salutary art unexampled in our or any other time I know of." And that's that. You have to possess a special order of mind to appreciate books like *The Apes of God*. It is much on the same lines as *Ulysses*.

THE Considine family will make many friends, and many, too, will be the readers of *Without My Cloak* (Heinemann: 8*s.* 6*d.*), by Kate O'Brien. Following the swing of the pendulum towards the Victorian period, Miss O'Brien gives the rise of the Considines early in the nineteenth century from a horse-thief's son, until they are the dominant factor in the town of Mellick. The family grows into a clan, goes on from strength to strength, then gradually declines. It is an engrossing book—a living picture of Victorian Ireland, showing in the Considines themselves the virtues and failings of the Irish people. Miss O'Brien possesses that rare quality in a novelist, strength combined with grace.

THE son of J. E. C. Bodley, whose great book on France still stands unrivalled, Major R. V. C. Bodley since his childhood has known some of the most interesting people in Europe. Many of those you will find in his delightful book, *The Indiscretions of a Young Man* (Harold Shayler: 15*s.*), but to most people his accounts of Paris during the Peace Conference will be the more interesting. Major Bodley was then military attaché at the British Embassy. He has a pretty wit and keen observation, and gives us a vivid portrait gallery of delegates. Mr. Lloyd George, for instance, standing at the top of a flight of steps in an underground room at the Hotel Majestic during a dance, looking "more like a benign father of an incredible family,

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued)

rejoicing with his progeny at some monstrous Christmas feast, than the great Prime Minister of England and leader of the British Peace Delegation."

Then, "Mr. Balfour, stern and willowy, drooped in thoughtful repose, smiling absently at the dancers, his abstractions accentuated by Austen Chamberlain's alertness, as he shifted about restlessly like a canary pecking at a piece of groundsel." And Lord Robert Cecil, peering "gargoyle-like into the eyes of Winston Churchill . . . and Eric Geddes, making one think of an animated packing case on legs."

MAJOR BODLEY exchanged the glitter and brilliance of the Embassy for a clerk's stool in a bank, an occupation which led him to Algiers, and there to sheep-farming amongst the natives. The author now lives in an oasis in the Sahara, where, he says, "I have found the solution of life." Let us hope the desert will inspire a book from his pen equally delightful, equally interesting and witty. Of Lord Balfour there is this very entertaining story, which is certainly new to me. When the news came of the sinking of the German Fleet at Scapa Flow, Lord Balfour sent the despatch back to the Embassy with "Dear! Dear! A. J. B." pencilled in the margin.

MEN, I think, will find it difficult to follow, perhaps to understand, *The Mother* (Gollancz: 6*s.*), by Naomi Royde-Smith, but it will have a wide appeal to women, especially to mothers. It is a study of a mother's emotions with regard to her husband and her two little boys. Delicately, sincerely written. But for its full understanding and appreciation a woman's nature and her outlook are necessary.

I THINK the majority of novel readers, who delight in strong he-men as heroes, will be disappointed in *Provincial Interlude* (Alston Rivers: 3*s.* 6*d.*), by Marjorie A. Lovell Burgess. The story opens with all the concomitants of a he-man romance—the strong, muscular, red-haired captain of a cargo boat wooing and winning the lovely "Society" lady in the exotic atmosphere of Honolulu. But there that sort of romance ends. The couple come to England and the ex-cargo steamer captain becomes mayor three times in succession of a provincial town. You can believe anything about Honolulu, but the author doesn't convince you in the least when she brings her characters to England.

THE temperament of the boy round whom Hans Carossa has written *Boyhood and Youth* (Secker: 6*s.*) is so alien to an English boy's temperament that its finer shades will doubtless be obscured for the ordinary reader, especially as the introspection is essentially German. But it is a subtle and sympathetic study of the mental changes through which such a boy passes in his transition to youth. Miss Agnes Neill Scott's translation is admirable.

JUST at the moment when income-tax is so much in evidence, a book called *Income Tax—Professional Man* (Crosby, Lockwood and Son, 4*s.* 6*d.* net) might be found even more profitable to peruse than a novel or a biography! The term professional man covers a wide field, including, as it does among others, authors, artists, and ministers of religion. Personally, I always have found the filling-up of an income-tax form one of the most difficult affairs imaginable, and made still more difficult if one reads the "instructions." The more care employed the less they instruct! This book not only provides tables useful for reference, but deals also with such points as allowances allowable and disallowable, salaried employments and offices, and last, but not least, replacement and depreciation.

CUT DIAMONDS (continued from page 654)

Kissing you's the most important thing on earth. Gillia, Gillia, you most perfect darling!"

SHE made no confession that evening. She made no confession that night—although Glyn's high spirits, his sudden boisterousness, sent them to bed very late.

She had made no confession by breakfast, lunch, or dinner next day. That evening Glyn took her up a winding path through the cork-oak wood on the hillside behind the little town. There, in a lavender-scented clearing, the sea still and glittering under the moon below, he made her sit down, and said suddenly:

"Won't you—trust me, Frizelle?"

He heard her sharp breath. She turned, staring at him in horror.

"Frizelle? What do you mean?"

"I know—everything."

She shut her eyes. Very slowly she bent her head. Suddenly her hands whipped up to cover her face.

"Did you think out this—plot?" he asked.

She was crying bitterly. He put an arm round her.

"Tell me."

"Father did," she muttered, "when Gillia died. Five years ago or more."

"Then you two—just—just bagged all the interest I've been sending over for her?"

"Father had it. I never had a penny."

"You only came over here to collect the money," he sharply asked, "to hoodwink me into paying it over to you?"

She didn't answer. Bitterly she cried. Glyn lifted her on to his knees, clasping her so tightly that she gasped.

"Tell me—everything," he said. "It's all been—just sham—a fraud?"

"Till I saw you. Not afterwards," she cried wildly. "Believe that. Please—please! Honestly—honestly. I longed to tell you everything. I didn't dare. And then you—you seemed to care for me. And—but what's the use? You don't believe—you'll never believe. You think I'm just a—crook."

"D'you love me?" he asked. "Just me—for myself—without one ulterior thought about—about money or anything like that?"

"I've shown you, haven't I? Why d'you ask? What's the use? You'll never trust me—always despise me. You——"

"Shut up," said he, and kissed her, then went on, "Look here, I overheard you and that fellow Weeks talking this morning. Till then I hadn't a glimmering idea of the truth. I thought the photograph you sent was Gillia's. I though you *were* Gillia. I was completely taken in."

He looked down at her, smiling at her aspect of complete dumbfounderment.

"Directly I saw your photograph I determined to marry you if I could possibly squeeze a 'yes' out of you. From the first moment I saw you I was working up to that. It became easier because I—fell in love. Unwillingly, foolishly, against my better judgment, I fell in love. I've been in love—right in—over the neck—ever since."

Again he kissed her.

"We're going to be frantically happy," he said, "because, you see, we're—two of a kind."

She only repeated his last four words.

"You came to the Cosmopolitan," he said, nodding, "with one idea—to steal. That was my idea when I went there, too. It was why I insisted on your coming back to England. For this once we'll call spades spades, and never again. At the Cosmopolitan you met a man who'd been in hell—a rogue who kept trying to think he'd been more fool than knave. For months I'd kept seeing myself arrested, in a dock, in a cell, doing time, and I'd thought—I was thinking when we met—'Get her to care for you—marry her—and she'll not prosecute. It's your one chance, Glyn, me lad—your one and only chance."

"Prosecute? But——"

He checked her with another kiss.

"Darling," he said, "let's hope the wind's tempered to us poor lambs. We'll win through, but we'll have a hell of a battle. You see, it seemed such piffle leaving £10,000 in gilt-edged stuff. I thought I'd make it into £100,000. At first I did marvellously, and then—the old story. Things went wrong. I plunged to recover my losses. The big slump came."

He shivered, sighed, then smiled and said:

"So now we haven't a cent—not one. The last drop of interest I sent you was the very dregs of Gillia's money."

G. F.

"..... Chaste as the icicle,
That's curded by the frost
from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple".

GOLF GOSSIP

Captain "Babe" Barnato has taken on a bet that he will reduce his golf handicap from 1 to scratch in one year. He is seen above taking lessons from Archie Compston at Coombe Hill

FROM TEE TO GREEN

By LIEUT.-COL. W. ELWY JONES

ALTHOUGH the Golf Ball which took place lately has been given much publicity, I cannot help making a reference to it. Never have I been to a charity dance which had such a "party" atmosphere. It was much more like a club dance, and everything went with a swing. I am told that Miss Joyce Wethered and the band of golfers who helped her worked like Trojans, and they can congratulate themselves upon the success of their efforts. The Professionals responded generously to the appeal made to them for gifts for the prize draw, and one saw lucky prize-winners with clubs made by Havers, Compston, and, in fact, every club-maker of note.

* * *

J. H. TAYLOR made his usual modest speech in announcing his gift of his most cherished club, a driving-mashie which had helped him to his three victories in the Open Championship. Non-golfers would scarcely be able to appreciate what parting with this club meant to him, and the many who did were as delighted as J. H. himself as the bids mounted up in quick succession, and his face beamed when eventually it was knocked down to "Dale" Bourn for £100.

* * *

THE apparatus which was alleged to register the length of a drive was the centre of attraction, but I fear it is far from accurate, although I saw several well-known players at the net, their scores were very indifferent, and it was left to the rabbits to light up the top of the indicator where the long distances were recorded. I am told Miss Enid Wilson was the only player of note to put up a good score.

* * *

LORD WESTMORLAND, playing with Lord Mandeville and Captain Woolf Barnato, holed out his tee shot at the 9th hole at Coombe Hill recently.

* * *

SOME months ago I wrote about the keenness of the Japanese golfers and commented on their aptness as pupils. Now Japanese professionals have made their début in an open competition in America and gave quite a good account of themselves. The three professionals were R. Asami, the professional champion of Japan, T. Mozamoto, who held the same title in 1929 and 1930, and K. Yasuda, who has been runner-up for four years. There is a Japanese golfing society in London and another in New York.

TWO Cambridge Blues have been successful in competitions lately. D. A. Drayson, playing off 2, won the Royal Mid-Surrey club's bogey competition with a return of two up, and C. R. Chronander (scratch) won the Denham event with one down. A. G. N. Robinson, who may be one of the Oxford team (he was a reserve last year), won the monthly bogey at Seaford with three up, playing from scratch.

* * *

LET us hope that 1932 will prove a good year for British golf. It seems that there may be no Ryder or Walker cup contests, but many American competitors are sure to make their appearance in our Amateur and Open Championships, and I sincerely trust we shall find more of our own players heading the list of scores in the latter than we did in 1931. So far as women's golf is concerned I do not think we have much to fear; our players can hold their own with any in the world, and we have some staunch defenders in Miss Diana Fishwick, Miss Enid Wilson, Miss Molly Gourlay, and Miss Wanda Morgan, to mention but a few.

* * *

A. H. PADGHAM won the 36 holes match against A. G. Harrison by 7 and 6 at Forest Row. The conditions were against good golf, the ground being frostbound, and Padgham's rounds of 79 and 76 were good in the circumstances. Harrison took the lead with an excellent four at the second, but Padgham soon wiped out his opponent's advantage and turned 2 up, finishing the first round with a lead of five holes.

In the second round he went farther ahead, and was 7 up at the turn, and finished the match at the 12th. Padgham is being taken into partnership by his present employer, Jack Rowe, in the New Year, and will become a full professional.

* * *

THE 19th Club have been very successful in their matches this season, but had twice been defeated by the Harlequins, so that there was an air of keenness about their third meeting at Stoke Poges recently, but once more, led by Peter Adams, the footballers fought their way to victory. Perhaps Peter Adams had profited from his experience against the Springboks, and took advantage of his opponents' mistakes!

Included in the 19th team were Lord Tennyson and Brian Valentine.

I hear a rumour that Leonard Gullick is going to ask the committee of the Harlequins to look into the handicaps of the members of their team!

* * *

THERE seems to be a definite prejudice against going east of London to play golf, but one or two golf courses I have visited on that side are well worthy of the journey. My most recent discovery is Orsett.

This course is about twenty miles from the West End, and has one asset of great value—play is possible in all weathers owing to the nature of the soil.

A nine-hole course existed at Orsett for nearly twenty years; two and a half years ago the old course, together with some heath land, was purchased by Col. F. H. D. C. Whitmore, the present president of the club, a new club-house was built, and J. H. Braid was called in to lay out a new course.

The course is extremely good and there are some typical "Braid" dog-leg holes.

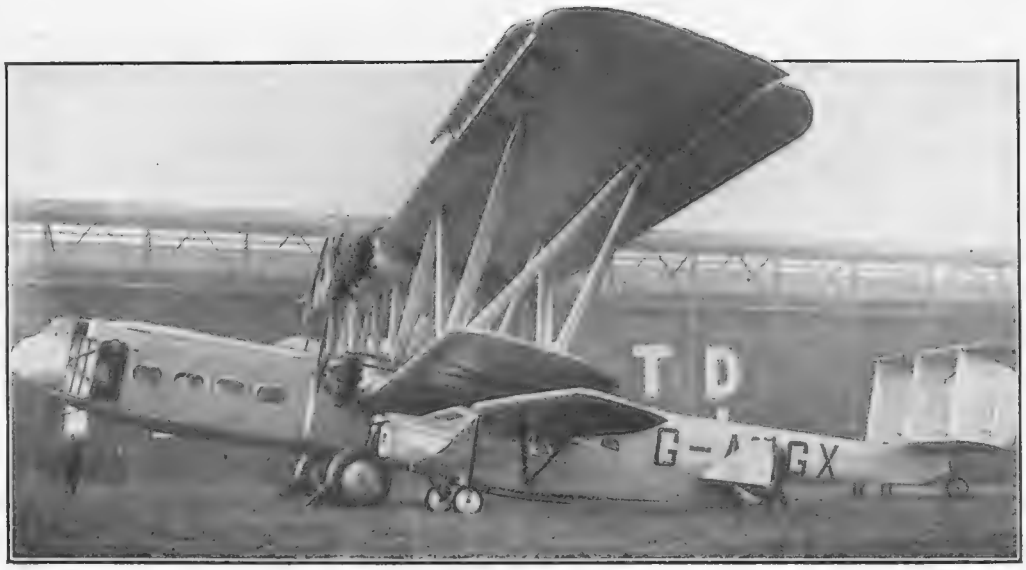
The first hole is 515 yards and the bogey five. When the Essex Professional Championship was held there this year the pro's complained that they found it was very difficult to stay on the green, which is well bunkered, and it was the downfall of more than one of them; but for the average player it is an uncommonly good hole.

Mr. E. H. Rowley forsook the Stock Exchange to become secretary in May, and is determined that the thoughts of golfers shall now turn eastward.

FLYING NOTES

"Guild Certificates for Instructors!"

By
CAPT. C. E. WARD



The Long and the Short of it. At the end of this week Imperial Airways' terminate their Eastern service at Karachi, handing over their mail and freight for carriage by Puss Moth to Delhi and beyond. The Christmas mail for India weighed nearly one ton

The Virtue of Good Training

IN the early days of aviation the art of piloting was acquired by a hit-and-miss method, and each man who survived after teaching himself to fly passed a little information to those who came later. During the War the standard of training improved, but instruction was often carried out by pilots whose only qualification seemed to be that they were unfitted in some way for further service overseas. Owing to the need for reinforcements pilots were turned out after anything from two to six hours' dual, and the fact that so many of them put up a good performance in the air is a tribute mostly to our adaptability as a nation to new ideas and to our skill at most sports. Instruction on the "Gosport" system initiated by Smith Barry has been followed with continual improvements by the Royal Air Force for the last fourteen years, and the leading civilian schools have felt the benefit of the system because their instructors had graduated in the Service.

The Guild of Pilots' Certificate

WHETHER a pupil is properly trained must depend on the skill of the instructor, and whether he has been taught to instruct. The "Air Service Training" course for instructors at Hamble is available only for pilots who have 200 or more flying hours to their credit, and the School's A1 certificate is awarded only to those who have had at least six months' previous experience of training others. As a result of Captain Lamplugh's protest that some definite qualifications must be possessed by instructors if bad flying is to be checked, the Air Ministry has given its approval to a scheme for control put forward by the Guild of Air Pilots. Briefly, this entails an obligation on all pilots who wish to become professional teachers to obtain an endorsement on their licence authorising them to do so. The selection and control of the panel of examiners will be undertaken by the Air Ministry. The Guild's certificate, which is available to non-members, and will be sought eventually by foreigners as well as by British pilots, becomes a document without which no pilot can teach others, and it is therefore the hall-mark of efficiency.

The Australian Mail

LACK of foresight by the British Government, shortage of money in Australia, and the failure of the authorities in India to keep their word have conferred an advantage on two foreign air lines, the full effect of which we shall not appreciate until a British service to Australia is attempted on a regular schedule. Five years ago it would have been an easy matter to plan and finance the extension of an Imperial service to Calcutta and beyond, but now the Indian Government has reserved to itself the right to run the line across its territory and obstruct anyone else from earning revenue by doing so. The French service from Paris to Batavia has secured all British mail traffic from the Far East, and by the time we are ready there will be little trade for us to capture. Kingsford-Smith's flight with the Christmas mail has again drawn attention to the willingness of our most distant Dominion to co-operate with us. It should not be impossible to find a basis on which India, Burma, the Straits Settlements and Australia could help if we put up the money to start the through route which is so long overdue.

British aviation in Canada. The names, reading from left to right, are: Mr. V. O. Levick, Works Manager, and Mr. R. A. Loader, Vice President of De Havilland's Canadian company, Sq. Ldr. Bert Hinkler with his Puss Moth, Mr C. D. Browne, who looks after C C. Wakefield's interests, and Mr. O'Brien, test pilot to the company

The Credit Side of 1931

UNDOUBTEDLY, the greatest achievement of the year as far as we are concerned is the capture of the Schneider Trophy, coupled with raising the supreme speed record to more than 400 miles an hour, both accomplished with a Supermarine Rolls-Royce seaplane. It had been hoped that the long-distance record would also pass to this country, but the attempt by the Fairey Napier monoplane is postponed until January. Imperial Airways has carried out its first mail flight to South Africa, and has modernised the Indian route with four-engined machines. British light aeroplanes have been more successful than ever, and, with the Moth well ahead, are used regularly in most foreign countries as well as throughout the Empire.

Miss Anne Grey, the well-known film star, with her 21/60 h.p. Wolseley landaulette. The photograph was taken outside Lincoln Cathedral

THE CAR IN 1932

By E. M. WRIGHT

THE old year is nearly dead; so here's hoping for better times in 1932. Most of us will remember 1931 as a period of black depression. From the point of view of motor car development, however, the past year has not been a time of stagnation, but of remarkable achievement. On land, on water, and in the air we have demonstrated the invincible superiority of British machines. Despite world-wide political and economic crises, the British motor industry has maintained production at a surprisingly high level, and compared with other countries it has not only held its own, but has definitely improved its position. It is stronger to-day than it has ever been since the War. We have had twelve months' experience of the Road Traffic Act. With its introduction went some of the worst abuses under which we formerly groaned, but there is no denying that the present Act has created very many new abuses and new forms of tyranny.

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IT could have been said of any year since the War that cars were better than they had ever been before. I half apologise for repeating a remark so hackneyed, but it is so eminently true of 1931 that it *must* be said. Prices have found an extraordinarily low level, so low, indeed, that we must expect increases rather than further reductions. This is particularly true of the more popular models, but it applies throughout the range from the smallest baby car to exclusive luxury types. I am not merely repeating a parrot cry, either, when I say that this year's new cars look better and perform better than their predecessors. Beyond question, cars are more comfortable. There is much more room, particularly on smaller cars, and they are easier to drive. Four-speed gear boxes with silent third, for example, are so nearly universal that nowadays they scarcely deserve more than passing mention.

***

THE small light car has come into its own. It almost monopolised attention at Olympia, and it was on cars of this type that almost every manufacturer concentrated his efforts. Such cars are no longer to be regarded as mere utility models. For round about £200 or less British makers can offer a wonderful range of models which in small compass give you luxury that money could not buy a few years ago. This development, I am convinced, is the greatest advance of the year. The present economic crisis is, in one sense at least, a blessing in disguise. It has forced British manufacturers to develop the type of car they build best. Thanks primarily to its economy, the small light car now enjoys a world-wide vogue. Our industry has a golden opportunity of winning world markets, and already we are gaining ground.

***

THIS is a notable success, and part of that success, I think, may definitely be attributed to the prestige which we enjoy abroad as the result of our triumphs in international speed attempts. The ordinary motorist, who is never likely to own even a moderately lively sports car, may be inclined to overlook the importance of Sir Malcolm Campbell's great feat at Daytona, of Kaye Don's two new records in Lord Wakefield's "Miss England II," or of Stainforth's brilliant success in the air. He forgets that these achievements bring us world-wide renown, and he forgets that the most ordinary family saloon incorporates ideas first tried out on the sands of Daytona or on the race track at Brooklands, Le Mans, and other famous courses.

***

WHEN the speed limit was abolished twelve months ago prophets foretold a real chaos on our roads. The prophets are confounded. Actually there has been a reduction of no less than ten per cent. in the number of people killed in street accidents. For the first nine months of this year some four hundred fewer people were killed. This is the first reduction to be recorded in ten years—a triumph, indeed, when you remember how enormously traffic has increased. As Lieut. Col. Pickard, of the National Safety First Association, very truly remarks: "The relative number of accidents to the volume of traffic is the only true criterion of comparative safety." Judged by these standards, our roads are safer than ever before.

***

AS befits the season, I have dwelt long on the bright side of the picture, but there are dark shadows as well. Despite the Road Traffic Act, or because of it, there have been many flagrant examples of police persecution. We have not yet arrived at a working definition of what constitutes careless or dangerous driving. The insurance clauses have been responsible for many instances of manifest injustice. And we have had forced upon us new regulations and new restrictions that are galling, and are often unnecessary. Some of the more glaring abuses of the new Act have been remedied, but over-government is still very rampant.

(*Continued on page* 668)

WINTER AT LULWORTH

A view of the famous beauty spot, Lulworth Cove. All-weather motorists enjoy a trip to this spot in winter when it is not overcrowded

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DOGS

CHRISTMAS CONSEQUENCES

By LADY KITTY RITSON

I AM afraid that dogs are very apt to suffer from a general malaise, owing to Christmas, just as much as human beings. With the former it is not always their own fault, for they do not have the common sense to refuse the delicious tit-bits which are showered upon them, and their human friends are often too lazy and too over-fed to give them their regular amount of exercise, and they are allowed to lie about in hot houses and to become livery. The net result is that Nature, who looks after her children, causes them to be sick, and everybody is annoyed and disgusted instead of being thankful.

I AGREE that it is only fair to give our dogs Christmas treats, but let them be sensible treats and not just a surfeit of our own food, because we are too lazy to prepare them something else. Now, as a matter of fact, all dogs love eggs, and if you have a pet dog it will not cost you a great deal to give him an egg for a treat, and if it is to be a great treat you might fry it. This will do the dog no harm at all—in fact it will be good for him—but break it over his dry dog biscuit, so that he can't avoid eating the latter. If you can give him an extra walk he will appreciate that more than any food, and it will be even better for his health (incidentally it will be good for your own!).

SHOULD you find after Christmas time is over that your dog is languid and inclined to be sick, try the effect of twelve hours' fast and then a dose of castor oil. Don't overdo the dose; you don't want to purge him too drastically, but a moderate dose will do him good and will counteract any excesses that he may have committed gastronomically. I am a great believer in the judicious use of castor oil, but only occasionally and not as a habit. Always remember that after castor oil a dog is feeling miserable, so don't just "turn him out into the garden" to hang about and perhaps catch a chill. That is a brutal thing to do. You should give him the dose, prevent him being sick, and then in about half an hour take him for a short walk. If you dose in the morning all effects from the oil should be over and done with by the afternoon, and then you can give him a little cooked lean meat, or, if he does not fancy any solid food, some milk, but few dogs feel ill after the oil has passed away.

A seasonable study of "plum-pudding" dogs enjoying a community luncheon. The Dalmatians seen above are two years old

IF you have a puppy, or indeed any dog that has not had distemper, this is the time of year at which to expect an onslaught of the disease; so if your dog should show any of the well-known signs be prepared and call in veterinary advice. I am often asked whether I believe in distemper vaccine. I would rather take the risk of distemper if it is the case of a household pet, because I do not believe that we are sufficiently advanced to know what the results of the inoculation may be. I have seen some very bad cases of fits, etc., which I think were directly attributable to the inoculation. On the other hand, I have known dogs never to contract the disease, although in contact with other dogs who had it.

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page 666)

IN THE NEWS

Eight-cylinder Ford?

I can obtain no official confirmation here of persistent and circumstantial rumours that Ford is very shortly to announce a new car. As P. G. Wodehouse would have remarked, "Oysters were chatty in comparison." Reports from America state definitely that there is to be a new car, and that it is to be an eight-cylinder model selling for about £150. It will not be a straight eight, but will have its cylinders arranged in V-shaped banks of four, as in the Lincoln. Preparations, I understand, are already being made to build the car at the new Ford works at Dagenham, which are now approaching completion and will be ready to start production early in the New Year. The announcement of a new Ford model is always an event; for, like several leading manufacturers in this country, Henry Ford does not believe in perpetual changes of design. Model "T," which was the butt of the whole world—and a "best seller," too—remained in production, with detail modifications only, for eighteen years

The photograph shows Mr. W. E. Bullock, Jnr., son of the Managing Director of the Singer Company. He is in charge of the vast Birmingham works of this well-known organisation and solely responsible for the output of Singer "Tens" and "Juniors." Judging by the success of the small car it would appear that the young man is needed in commerce to-day

New Year's Gifts from A.A. and R.A.C.

If you are a member of either the A.A. or the R.A.C. an excellent New Year's gift to one of your family is to make him or her a member, too. Both the A.A. and the R.A.C. offer special concessions for family membership. This is particularly valuable, as it is worth remembering that, except in the case of a member's wife, the rights and privileges of membership are purely personal and can only be enjoyed by the individual subscriber. For some time past the A.A. has waived the entrance fee where close relatives are nominated by existing members. A similar concession is now announced by the R.A.C. under which an associate member may nominate any other member of his household at half the ordinary yearly subscription.

Petrol Economy

An interesting petrol consumption test has lately been carried out under R.A.C. observation on seven models in the Morris range for 1932. All cars tested were sliding-roof saloons. The S.U. carburetters fitted were taken from stock, and the only adjustments made were those which an ordinary owner-driver could himself carry out. At an average speed of 20 m.p.h. the petrol consumption of the Minor and the Family Eight worked out at 63 m.p.g. and 55 m.p.g. respectively. The petrol consumption of an 11.9 h.p. Cowley model, averaging 25 miles an hour, was 37 m.p.g., and of a 14-32 h.p. model 35 m.p.g. The other cars tried out were a Morris Major, a Morris Oxford, and an Isis, their consumption at an average speed of 25 miles an hour being 35, 33, and 29 miles to the gallon respectively.

An Outsize in Tyres

A new record is claimed by the Dunlop people who have just produced what is believed to be the biggest tyre in the world built for ordinary use. It stands four feet three inches high, and is nearly sixteen inches thick. Two of these tyres, which are now being made for commercial vehicles, would be almost as heavy as a baby car.

E. M. W.

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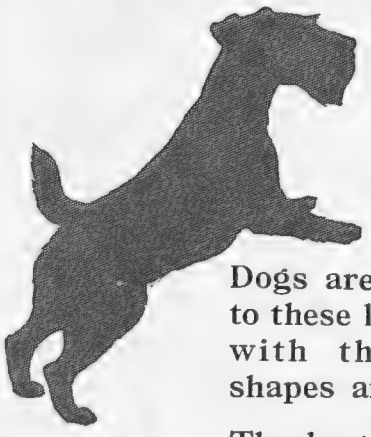
A FOUR-COURSE MEAL FOR ALL DOGS



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Old friends meet at a reunion shoot given by Mr. William Shaw Adamson at Careston Castle, Forfarshire. Seen above, from left to right, are the Earl of Southesk, Mr. William Shaw Adamson and Brigadier-General J. H. W. Becke

'WARE HEN!

By "CLODHOPPER"

FOR a keen sportsman who is content to participate in the making of comparatively modest bags, there is a charm in end-of-the-season or "cleaning-up" shoots, even in coverts which have previously been shot twice or thrice, and thereby fairly well thinned of pheasants and ground game. Trees and undergrowth in the woodlands are particularly bare of leaf, while the longtails, having already received their ordeal by fire, have become exceedingly wide awake and great fliers to boot.

FEWER beaters and more stops are now required than a month or so ago, and the bags obtained in late December and early January are not, of course, comparable with those of the earlier and more important events. Nevertheless, the winding-up covert shoots of the season are, to my idea, most enjoyable, and certainly most exacting, as one's skill with the gun is very fully brought into play at them. Some of the prettiest shooting at these more or less informal affairs is afforded by cocks breaking back over the guns, walking on either flank of the beaters. Big though such birds may appear, they require a good deal of stopping as they twist and screw among the trees and branches like so many woodcocks. Nor does the humble rabbit offer by any means an unsporting shot whilst darting through a low patch of "rough stuff" in covert.

ON the majority of estates "'Ware hen!" is now the order of the day. Indeed, the rule in regard to the shooting of cock pheasants only is strictly enforced, quite a substantial fine being taken from any unhappy gun who unwittingly "tailors" a hen. On other shoots exceptionally high-flying hens are allowed to be killed late in the season. But one has no hesitation in saying that it is short-sighted policy to deplete a covert of "tall" and, presumably, healthy hens, and carefully protect "low," poor, and possibly wounded specimens. It is only natural to believe that any hen pheasant which displays sufficient courage and wing-power to pass high over the heads of the guns is the very type of bird required for breeding stock.

IN the interest of future sport and rearing, it would, I think, be an excellent idea if, during the latter part of the season, orders were given to kill off all low-flying hens, as well as cocks. We all know, of course, that a gun caught in the act of potting off low birds at a well-ordered covert shoot is apt to be dubbed as something rather worse than a "cockney gunner." Still, there can be no doubt that if greater toll were taken of low pheasants from, say, the second week in November (by this time birds of the year should be thoroughly well developed in both wing-power and plumage), fewer old, weakly, malformed, and injured birds would be left to foul the ground and devour the food of healthy and more desirable stock.

THE order, "No hens," has a strangely unnerving effect upon some shooting men, and particularly on those of defective sight. At a recent covert shoot in Derbyshire I saw cock after cock go away unshot at even. The day in question was dull and sunless, and in a bad light it is not always easy to distinguish a cock from a hen pheasant in flight, except by the former's longer tail feathers.

WHERE hens are taboo, the beaters should be instructed to warn the guns standing ahead of the flushing of any cocks in covert by quietly calling "Cock forward!" The guns should be placed well back from the side of the wood to command a good, clear view of the birds coming over the tree-tops.

ON some shoots pheasants, irrespective of sex, are killed down to the very last bird if possible. The idea of this is to clear the coverts of birds well in advance, and thereby put the preserves into fresher and cleaner condition to receive the poults reared for the succeeding season. Then, again, where pheasant extermination of this kind is practised in late December and January, no claims are received for damage to spring-seeded arables lying round the coverts.

BUT pheasants which have managed to escape the weapons of the arch-enemy, man, for a whole season are uncommonly cunning. The mere tap of the beaters' sticks is sufficient to send many a wily cock and hen scurrying to safety, with the result that a leaven of both sexes succeed in evading extinction. A keeper cannot be blamed for such evasion on the part of his feathered charges. A few extra eggs, plus those purchased from the game-farmers, will be useful to him later.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

A WILD GOOSE CHASE

BY way of adding variety to these well-intentioned hints, I will pass on to the reader a conundrum which my own experience could not solve, nor did imagination offer any aid. The condition presented was a space of open ground far away in Scotland where some 1,500 geese have taken up continuous residence, by night as well as day. The plan is that a crawl of several hundred yards behind a bank some 18in. high, shall bring the adventurous party of guns into contact with the birds, provided always they can get there without causing alarm. The stalk is to be made at six o'clock in the evening, therefore in complete darkness; and a cross-wind is necessary to avoid scent. Meanwhile, a nearly as difficult stalk from an opposite direction is to be made by the keeper and his staff, who will be provided with Very lights and a couple of those parachute lights under which we cowered when Zeppelins were about. The intention is to release these illuminations in the hope that effort and ingenuity will be rewarded. I was asked quite seriously whether I could suggest any improvement to this exceedingly brainy plan, more especially as local talent had abandoned the task as being beyond the wit of man. All my life I have regarded geese rather as an illusive ambition than something attainable. They undoubtedly exist, so do winners of sweeps. Only this week some forty of them flew over my head in majestic V-formation, just too high for the game gun I carried, so they passed unsaluted. Had I been where they alighted—but it was a guarded sanctuary.

Fashions Fancies

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photograph* *By Tunbridge*

FASHIONABLE PYJAMAS AND AN ICE WOOL WRAPPER

The evening pyjamas portrayed above are expressed in pale pink georgette reinforced with floating panels of broché velvet. It is of this material that the short coatee trimmed with fur is made. They come from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, and so does the wrapper on the right, carried out in ice wool and enriched with coarse wool embroidery

PAYMENTS BY INSTALMENTS

BARGAINS IN THE SALES. BRITISH OVERCOATS. REGULAR "BURBERRYS"

"The Blue Danube"

ALTHOUGH the Income Tax has to be paid it is a great mistake to neglect replenishing the wardrobe. This may be satisfactorily accomplished at Corots, 33, Old Bond Street, as here the latest models will be acquired by a unique method of payment by instalments. A lovely evening dress known by the name of "The Blue Danube" may be obtained for 16*s.* 6*d.* monthly, or cash, 5½ guineas. It is carried out in velvet with a gathered hip line and a fully flared skirt. A most practical "runabout" frock is expressed in fine wool mousse; it has gauntlet cuffs of the same shade and the new bias strappings in tubular form at the neck. Cash, it is 5 guineas, by instalments 15*s.* monthly. The evening dress pictured on the right of this page is an artistic study in beige and brown satin, showing the latest development of the bustle.

Remnant Days

NEVER has there been a time when prices have been submitted to greater reductions than at the sales which will be in progress during the ensuing weeks. Woollands, Knightsbridge, begins to-day, December 30, and continues until January 28, remnant days being every Thursday in that month. The catalogue is ready and will gladly be sent gratis and post free. Included in it are suède coats made from reliable skins; they are perfect fitting, with belts at back. They are 4 guineas; usual price, 5 guineas. Breakfast jackets in lace wool stitch lined with chiffon and trimmed with swansdown are 22*s.* 9*d.* All model day and evening wraps and frocks, as well as millinery, have had their prices literally slaughtered.

Special Offers

FROM to-day until January 8 Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, W., is offering special bargains in the Fashion Section. As no catalogue is issued in connection with this event a visit is essential. Subsequently, the great winter sale will take place.

Left: This lovely velvet coat from Woollands shows the charm of the modish fitted silhouette and sleeves that are full from the elbows

Right: An artistic study in beige and brown satin is this evening frock from Corot, 33, Old Bond Street. An attractive method of payment by instalments prevails in these salons

British Hand-tailored Overcoats

AQUASCUTUM, 100, Regent Street, W., are offering their entire stock of one hundred per cent. British hand-tailored overcoats for men and women at the lowest prices in twenty years. They are from £3.

From January 4 to 23

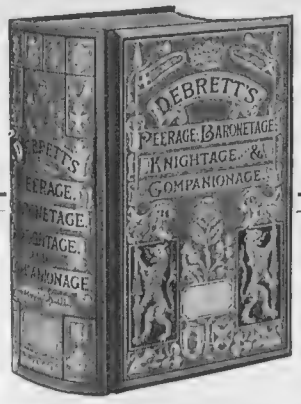
IT is, indeed, splendid news that Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, are having a sale from January 4 to 23. In their Inexpensive Dress Department there are lace two-piece ensembles from £4, wool coat frocks at £3, while crêpe marocain afternoon dresses are £4 4*s.* In the model department there are groups of afternoon and evening dresses costing £10, £12, £15, and £20. Neither must it be overlooked that there are tea frocks for £5 10*s.*, and dressing-gowns of printed chiffon velvet for 55*s.* 9*d.*

Everything Reduced

EVERYTHING is reduced to nearly half-price at Burberrys, in the Haymarket, great winter sale, and, of course, it is their usual stock. The regular "Burberry" is obtainable for 73*s.* 6*d.*, then overcoats in Cheviots, Saxonies, and Homespuns are 3 and 5 guineas, coats and skirts being from 6½ guineas.

Bargains Everywhere

ALL in quest of unique bargains must write to Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W., for their sale catalogue, and study it with care. This sale begins to-day and continues throughout January. Included in it are man-tailored coats in herring-bone tweed with storm collars and wide revers for 70*s.* They are available in three sizes. Furthermore, there are cardigan suits in navy or black tricoline or serge for 65*s.* 9*d.*; again, there are coats and skirts in worsted suiting for 98*s.* 6*d.*, outsizes being one guinea extra. In the millinery department a feature is made of modish caps and hats from 12*s.* 6*d.* By the way, Princess slips in good quality crêpe de Chine are 15*s.* 9*d.*, and there are others of artificial crêpe de Chine with floral designs for the same price; in plain colours the cost is 12*s.* 9*d.*



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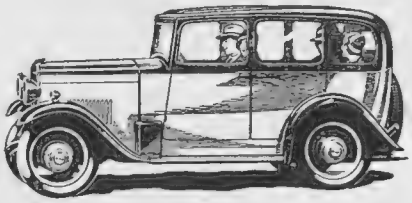

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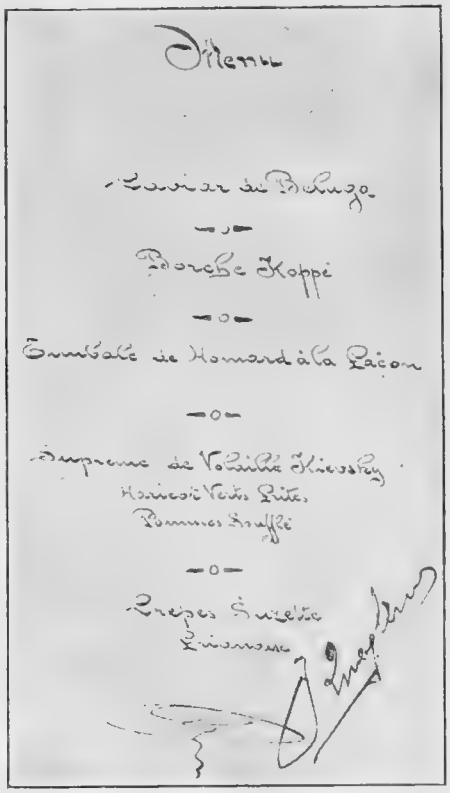
CAFÉ.

Œufs à l'Adennaise

BEAT to a stiff froth the whites of six eggs, seasoned with half a teaspoonful each of chopped chives and onion juice. Add one teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley, butter and salt to taste. Butter a fireproof dish, and turn in the whipped whites of the eggs. Pour on top four tablespoonfuls of thick cream very carefully. Place the unbroken yolks on this at equal distances, and bake quickly until the yolks are well set. Serve in the dish in which cooked.

Cassolettes de Volaille

PREPARE some potato as if for croquettes and roll into medium-sized balls. Shape them into the form of small drums and mark one end with a little cutter. Dip them into beaten egg and cover thickly with fine bread-crumbs. When hard, fry in boiling fat until golden brown, then remove and drain them. Take off the marked portion at the top, and very carefully scoop out the soft potato from the inside. Fill the hollow cases with a delicately flavoured mince of chicken mixed with cut-up mushrooms, and put them into the oven for a few minutes. The chicken should be cut into tiny dice, not passed through a mincer. Serve garnished with fried parsley.



The Menu of an attractive December dinner, served recently at Chez Quaglino. It has been signed by M. Quaglino, who presides so successfully over this popular restaurant

Filets de Bœuf à l'Italienne

TAKE about 3lb. of the undercut of sirloin of beef, lard it with fat bacon, and tie it up with string. Put a slice of bacon into a casserole; on this place the fillet, larded side uppermost; surround it with two carrots and an onion cut small, a bunch of sweet herbs, and some parsley; add whole pepper, salt, and two or three cloves. Moisten with a little good stock and some tomato sauce. When the meat is done strain off the sauce and skim off all fat. Dress some boiled spaghetti with this sauce, adding grated cheese and a good piece of butter; garnish the beef with it and serve hot.

Croutes aux Bananes

STEW some bananas in syrup. Cut some slices of bread the length and breadth of the bananas, fry in butter, and drain carefully. When these are crisp, spread them with apricot jam and lay a stewed banana on each strip; arrange them in a compôte dish and cover with whipped cream flavoured with vanilla.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

Inexpensive Luxury

It is a joy to wear Luvisca. It has the most delightful clinging and draping qualities, and is silky and soft. This does not mean that it is not a durable fabric. On the contrary, it is surprising how long it will stand real hard wear and continual washing. Children's clothes, dresses, pyjamas, men's shorts and underwear can be made in this excellent material, and will look as smart as anyone could desire. Moreover, it is made in such delicate colours, and there is a wide range of patterns from which to choose. The price is moderate, which is an important point in these days of depleted incomes.

A Popular Champagne

Of the leading brands of champagne popular with the connoisseur in this country there is none more eagerly sought than Bollinger's "Special Cuvée." A high-class wine at a moderate price, it has captured the taste of the discriminating public by sheer merit, and is now in great request at the fashionable restaurants of the West End, where Society gathers nightly to dine and sup.

Though entertaining this season has been on a smaller scale than of normal years there has been no diminution in the patronage accorded Bollinger's "Special Cuvée." At public and private receptions, balls, dinners, weddings, race meetings, and social functions of every description its popularity has been most marked. A dry champagne of rare elegance and bouquet, this "Special Cuvée" has been voted by many good judges to be fully the equal of other Brands' vintage wines. There are, we understand, fair stocks now in the country, and consumers need have no fear of a shortage of their favourite brand.

Those two popular musical comedy stars, Jack Buchanan and Elsie Randolph, enjoying a little recreation. They are playing the fascinating game "Top-Hole," which is made by British Games Ltd., and is proving most popular

An Invaluable Directory

The Post Office London Directory with County Suburbs for 1932 is of inestimable value to business firms, and, indeed, to Londoners in general, for it includes, among other features, Official Streets, Law, Private Residences, Parliamentary, Postal, Municipal, Clerical, Transport, Hotel, Banking, Commercial, and Trade Sections, and sections relating to County Suburbs. It is published by Kelly's Directories, Ltd., of 186, Strand, W.C.2, at the price of 55*s.*, and is packed with helpful information.

A Feast of Fact

"Whitaker" is a household word the world over, for few they are who do not read or know of the famous almanack of that name, and the sixty-fourth annual volume, which has just made its appearance, upholds in every way the high reputation for comprehensive information provided in clear and interesting manner. Its pages include details of the new Cabinet and Members of the House of Commons, as well as articles on the Financial Crisis and Government by Party, with a tabulated record of Administrations from Pitt to the present Premier. The preliminary results of the Census in Great Britain are also noted, and important questions of the day are again treated in separate articles ranging in alphabetical sequence from "Allotments for Unemployed" to "The Weir Report." Another feature of this edition is the greatly enlarged index. Whitaker for 1932 is published in two editions, 640 pages in orange paper cover at 3*s.*, and 960 pages in red and green cloth cover 6*s.*, the latter also being available in presentation bindings.

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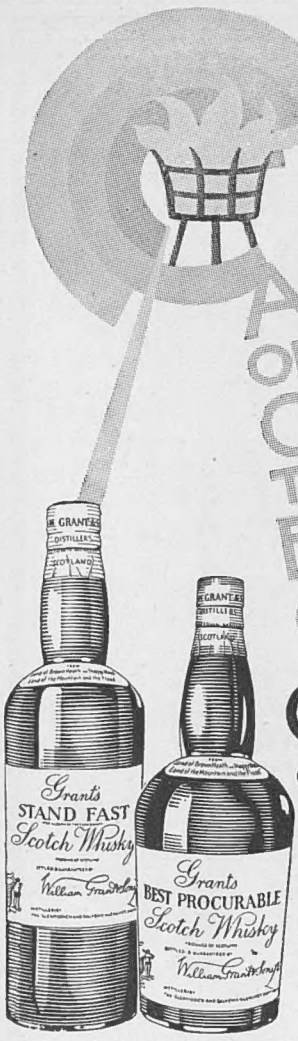

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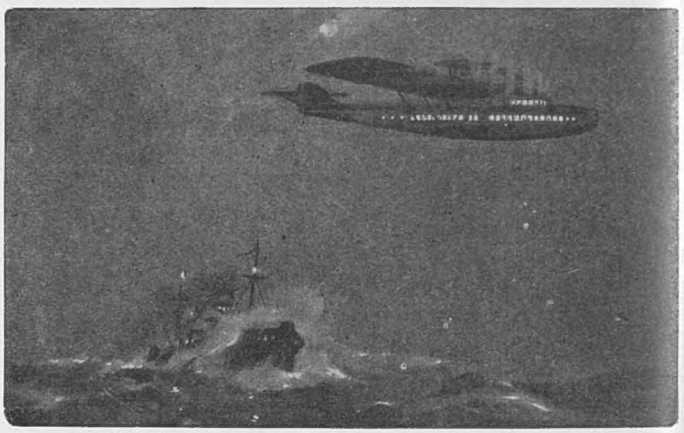

The "Bolivar," type for all time (thanks to Rudyard Kipling) of the ocean tramp, still battles with the heavy sea, but it is overhead that her weary men now see—or very soon will see—the mocking lights of the well-found liner pass them by

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